





1778

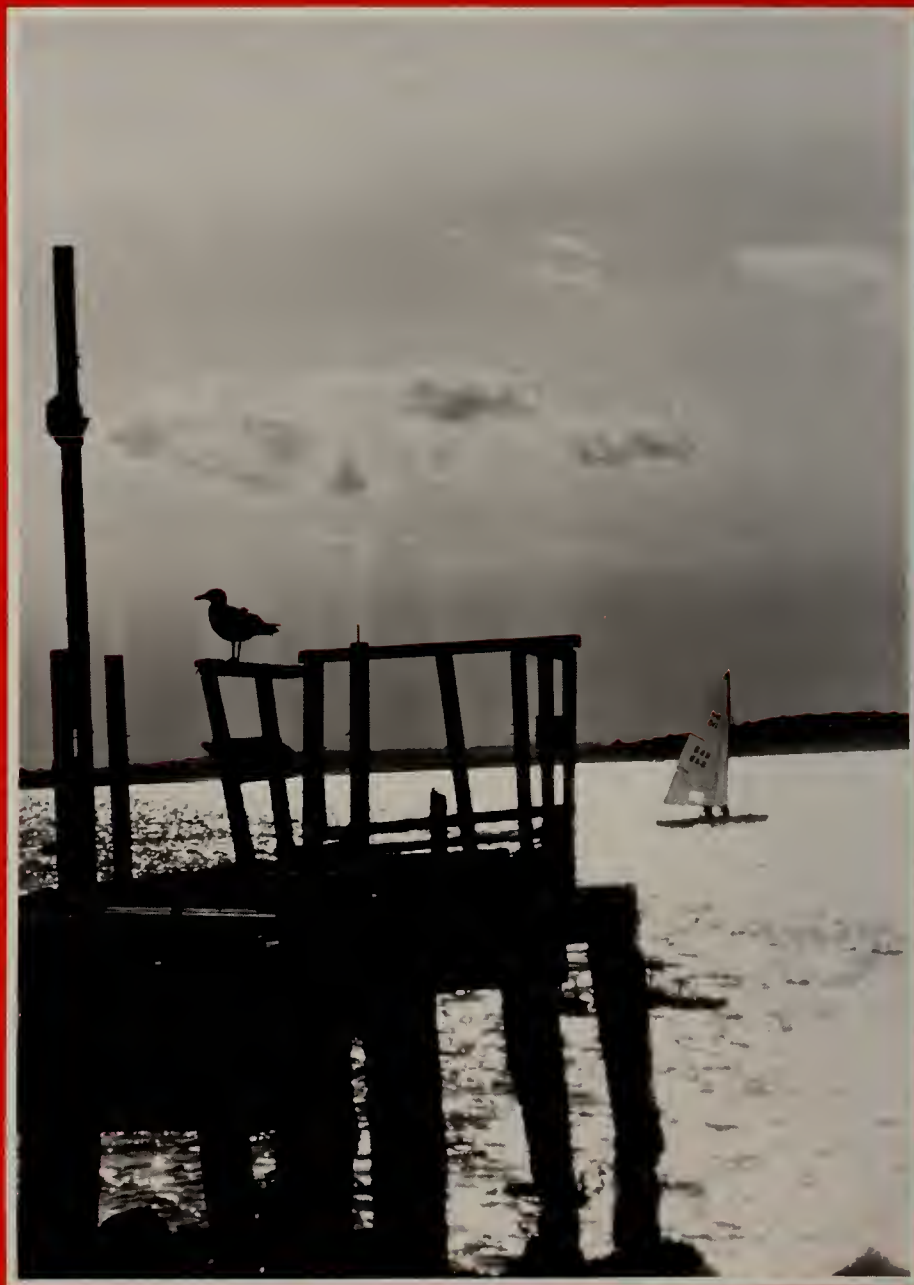
# Twenty Eight





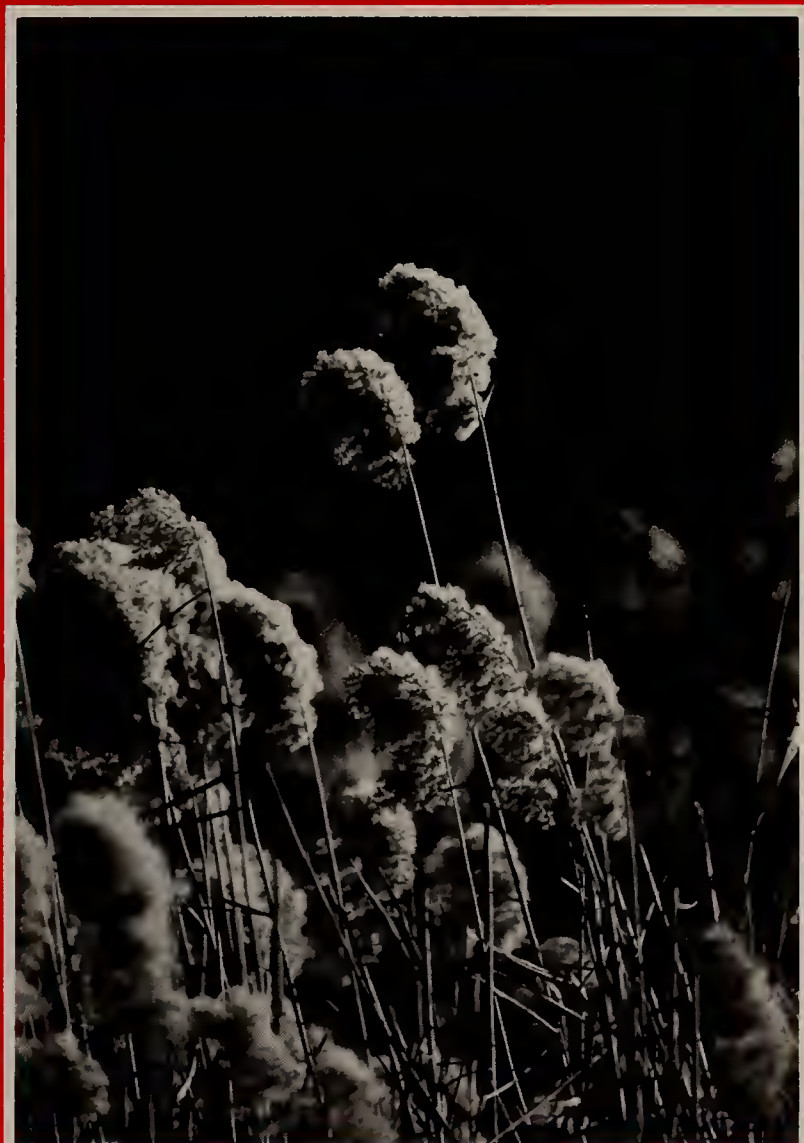
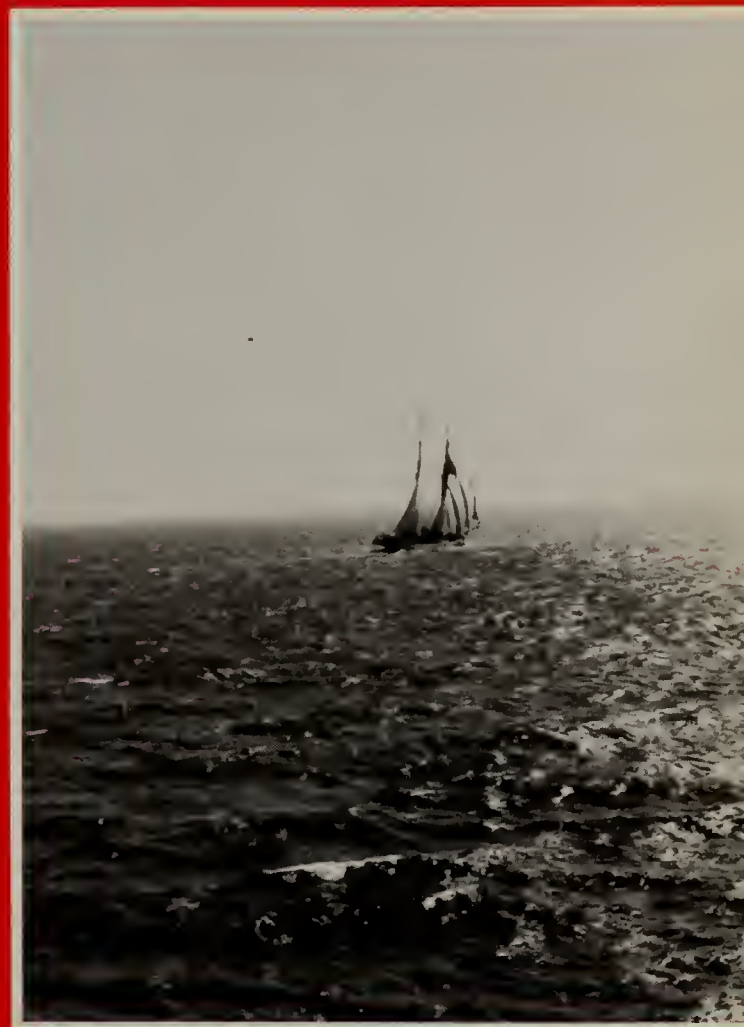
For every sunset

there is a new dawn . . .



We've only





just begun





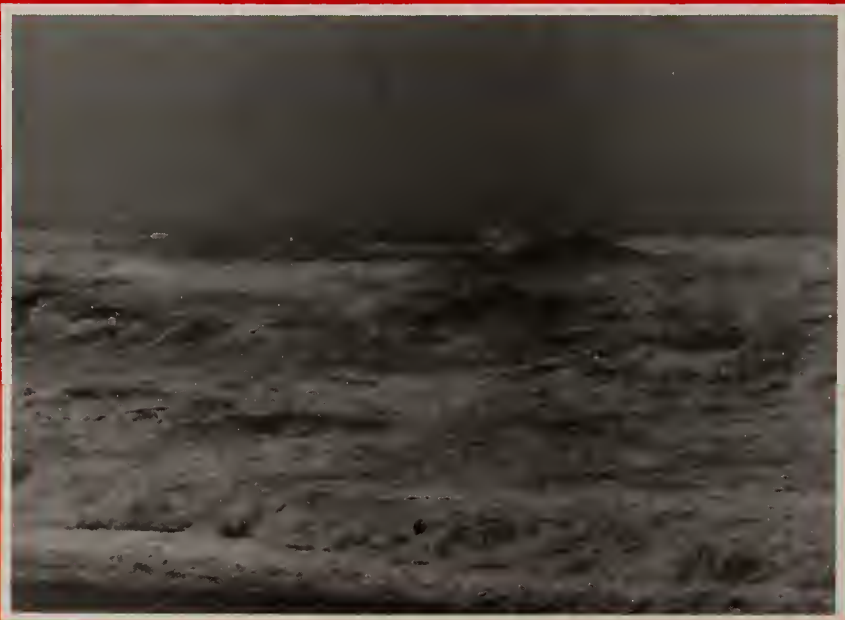
So many roads





to choose





We start out walking





and learn to run







TIME IT WAS;  
OH, WHAT A TIME IT WAS,  
IT WAS . . .  
OH, WHAT A TIME IT WAS.  
A TIME OF INNOCENCE,  
A TIME OF CONFIDENCES

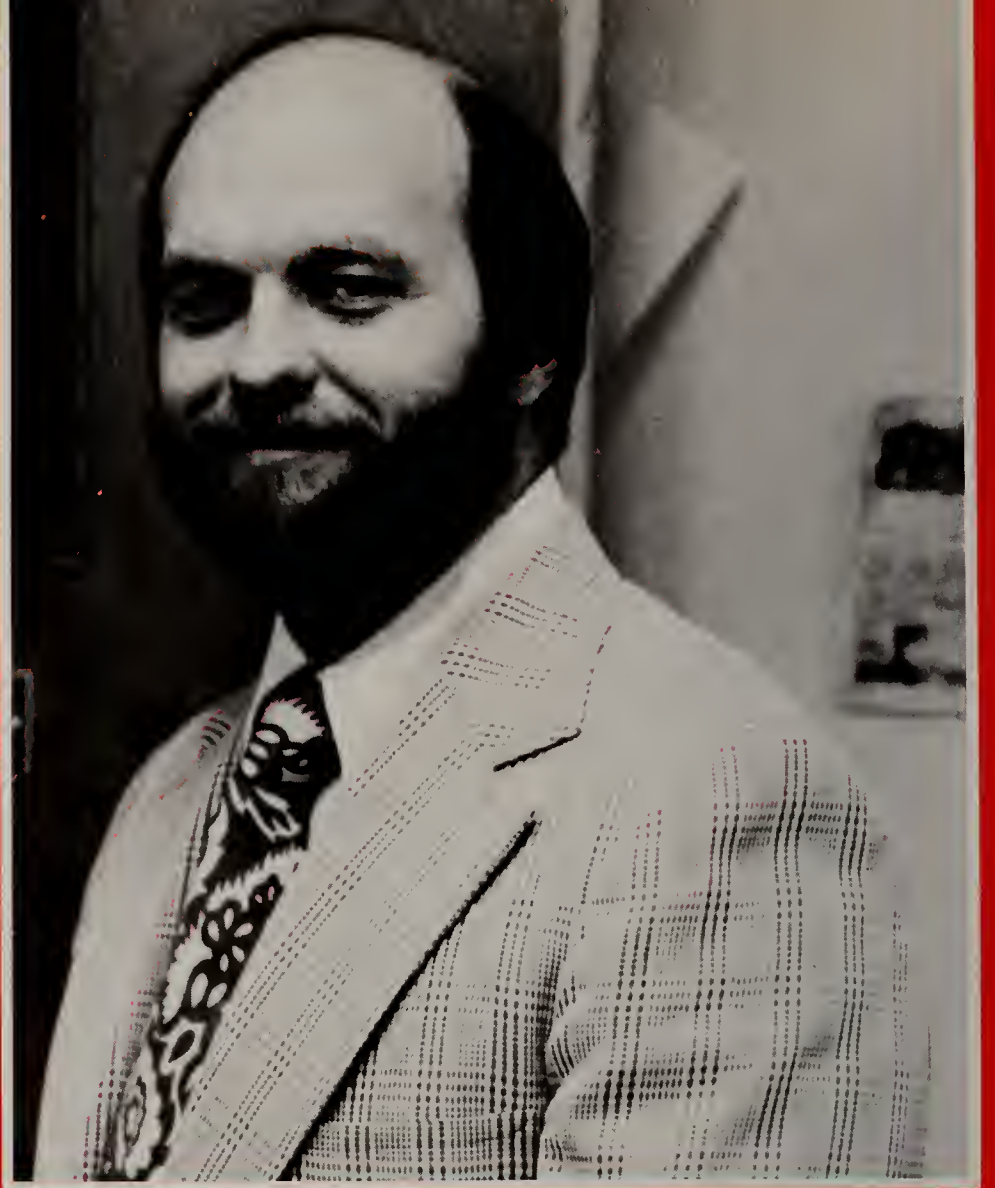
LONG AGO,  
IT MUST BE;  
I HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH,  
PRESERVE YOUR MEMORIES,  
THERE ALL THAT'S LEFT YOU.

(P.Simon)





Robert O'Day  
Senior Grade Administrator  
Brown University



Dorothy Gallo  
Sophomore Grade Administrator  
Radcliffe



Richard Lawrence  
Junior Grade Administrator  
Nova University



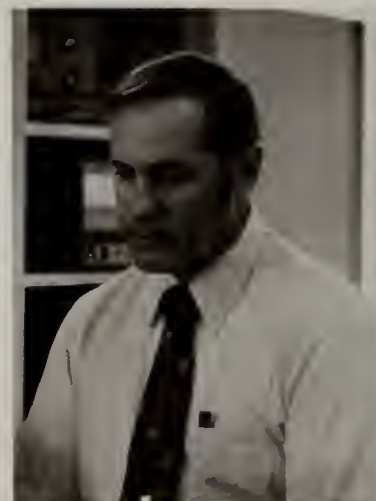
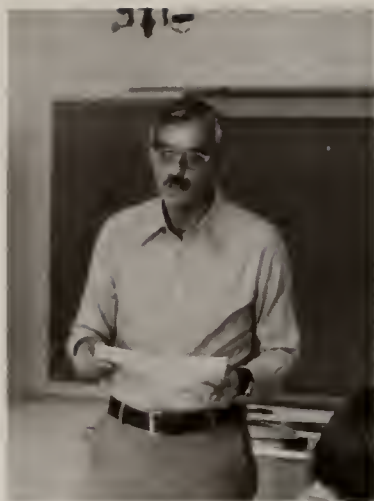


Charles Vickery

Principal

Boston College  
Boston University  
Nova University

## Administration and Faculty



Paul Abrahamson  
Social Studies  
Boston University

Sal Bartolotti  
Music  
New England Conservatory of Music

Sue Ajemian  
Home Economics  
University of Rhode Island

Gordon Bates  
Science

Philip Anderson  
English  
Tufts College

Marie Benard  
English  
Emmanuel College

Harwood Bailey  
Social Studies

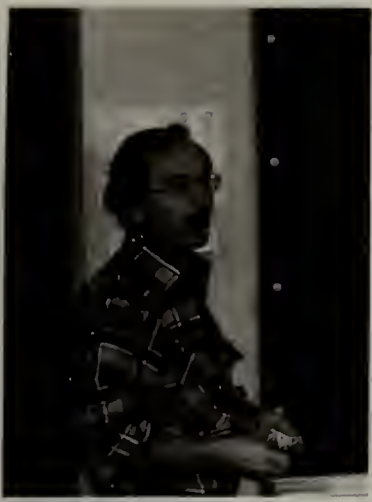
James Berlenbach  
English — Drama  
Bridgewater State College

Steven Baisden  
Math  
Boston College

Susan Big  
Spanish  
University of Madrid







Curt Boyden  
Industrial Arts  
Bridgewater State College

Mary Connelly  
Secretary — Guidance

Christopher Brown  
Art  
Colby College

Edmond Connors  
Physical Education  
Boston University

Ruth Butterfield  
Social Studies  
Boston University

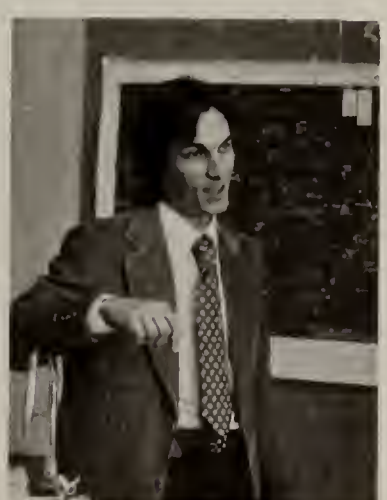
Denver Deeter  
Math  
Eastern Nazarine College

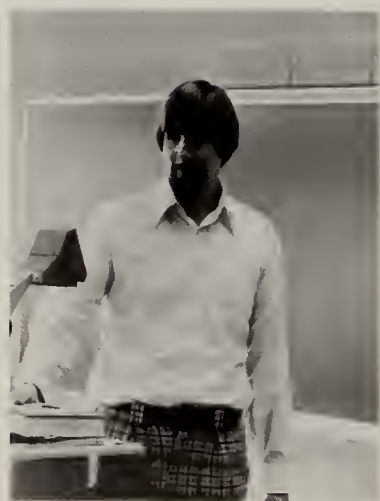
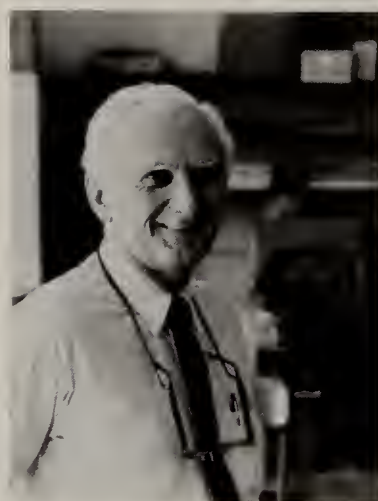
Richard Caldwell  
Science  
Boston University

George Degrasse  
Guidance  
Cole College

Margaret Conditto  
Secretary — Guidance

John Denney  
Science





Catherine Devine  
Business  
Boston Teacher's College

George Edmonds  
Math  
Wesleyan University

Charles Dirk  
Science  
Brown University

Charles Finn  
Spanish  
University of Mass.

Frank Downing  
Art  
Mass. College of Art

KAREN Glasser  
Math  
Simmons College

Joan Dufault  
History  
Villanova University

Angela Epple  
English  
University of Michigan

Alan Edmond  
Math  
Assumption College

Mark Garth  
French  
Purdue University







Ronald Goba  
English  
Boston College

John Hennelly  
English  
Boston College

Meridith Gordon  
Physical Education  
Springfield College

Doug Holley  
Math  
Harvard



Nancy Gustafson  
Guidance  
Tufts University

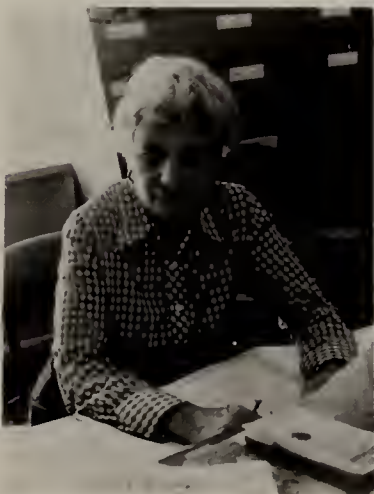
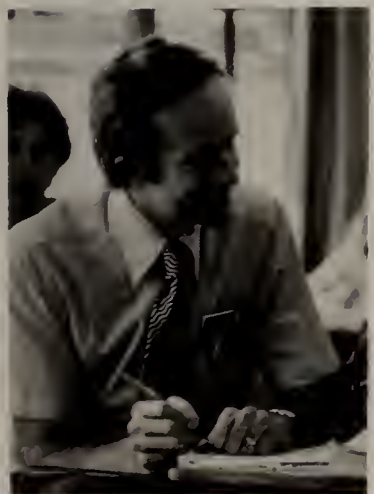
Edith Howard  
Social Studies  
Radcliffe College

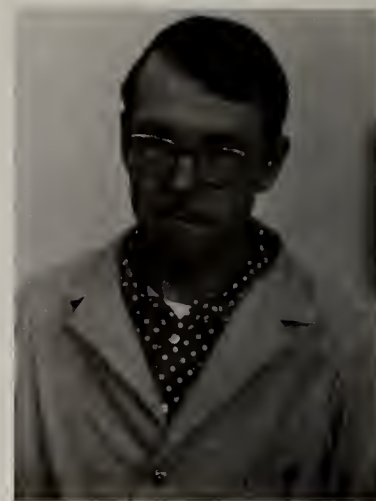
Virginia Hansel  
Business  
Boston University

Betty Howlett  
Sec. — Grade Administrator  
Colby Junior College

James Haviland  
English  
Tufts University

Richard Jenson  
Social Studies  
Wesleyan University





Fred Jewett  
English  
Boston College

Maynard Johnson  
Industrial Arts  
Bridgewater State College

Janet Jordon  
Physical Education  
Westchester State College

James Kane  
Industrial Arts  
Indiana Institute of Technology

Muriel Kendall  
Special Needs  
Bridgewater State College

John Kennedy  
Physical Education  
Boston University

James Kirkcaldy  
Social Studies  
University of Rhode Island

Elaine Kline  
Sec. Principal

David Lacatell  
Social Studies  
Northeastern University







Thomas Lane  
Art  
Museum of Fine Arts School

Craig Low  
Math  
Boston State College

Lawrence Leahy  
Business  
Suffolk University

Robert Magner  
Science  
Boston College

Claudia Leone  
Math  
Clarkson College of Technology

William McCallum  
Guidance  
Boston University

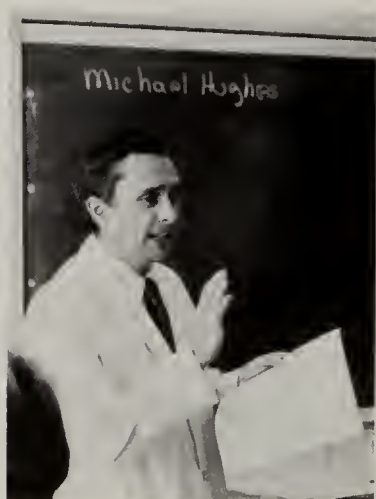
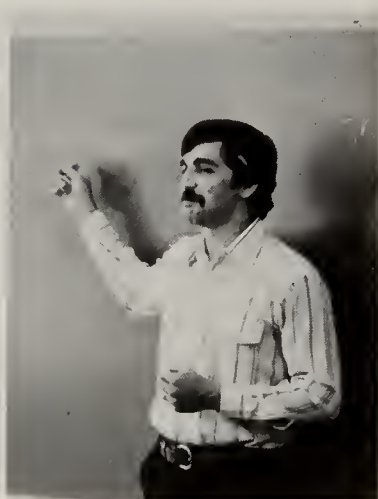
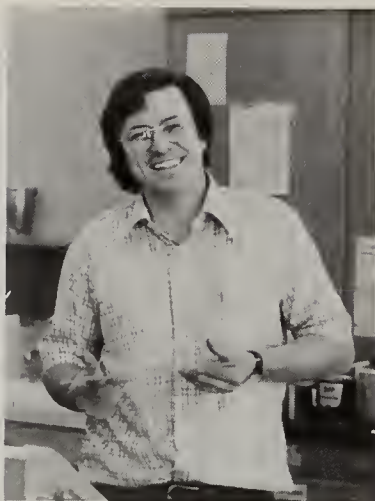
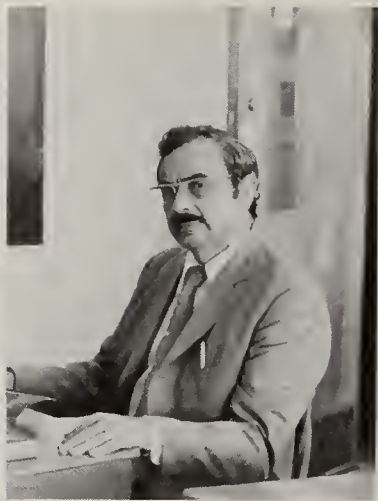
Peter Lincoln  
Science  
Boston College

George Murphy  
English  
Boston College

Suzanne Lincoln  
Home Economics  
University of Rhode Island

Martha Murphy  
Home Economics  
Simmons College





John Nionakis  
Foreign Language  
University of Mass.

Charles Ozug  
English  
Bridgewater State College

Paul Noiseux  
Industrial Arts  
University of Maine

John Penny  
Science  
Syracuse University

Gale Nutter  
Home Economics

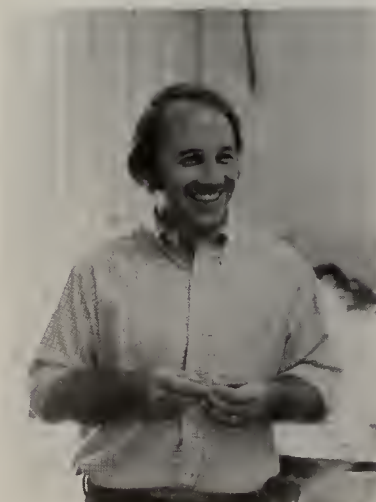
Tammy Perlman  
Social Studies  
University of Vermont

Brian O'Donnell  
Social Studies

Barbara Peters  
English  
Boston University

Steven Olson  
Math  
Bridgewater State College

Richmond Poole  
Science  
Yale University







Agnes Quill  
Business  
Boston University

Barbara Rattray  
Grade Administrator Secretary  
Boston University

Louise Reilly  
English — Reading  
Boston College

Carol Robison  
Foreign Language  
Baldwin-Wallace College

Joseph Roper  
Guidance — Careers  
University of Bridgeport

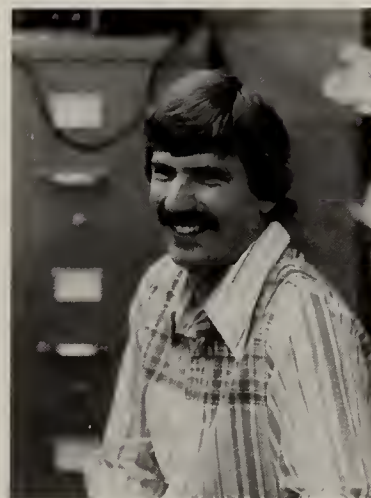
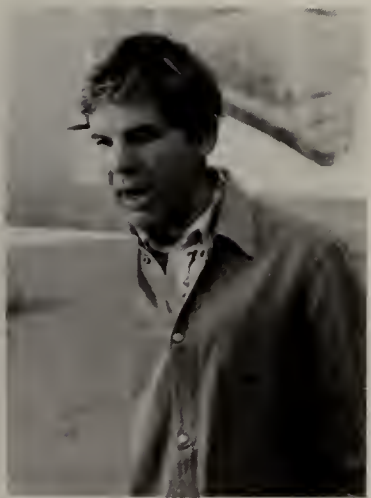
Douglas Ryan  
Foreign Language,  
University of Mass.

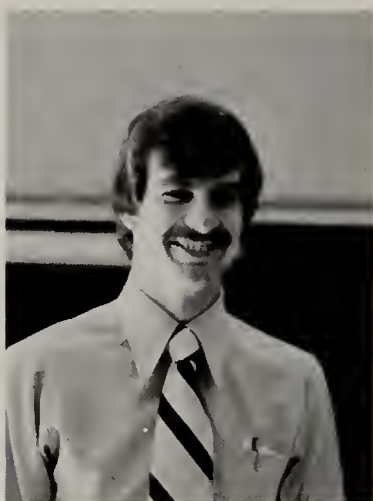
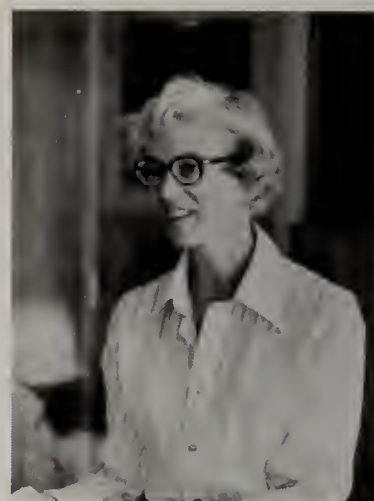
Joseph Ryan  
Industrial Arts  
Fitchburg State College

Dorothy Schillig  
Sec. Office

Karl Schmatzler  
Industrial Arts

Charles Shaffer  
Music  
Florida State College





Barbara Shapiro  
Spanish  
Boston University

Donald Sullivan  
Media  
Clark University

David Sharpe  
German  
Boston College

Fred Symes  
Business

Diana Sides  
Business  
Suffolk University

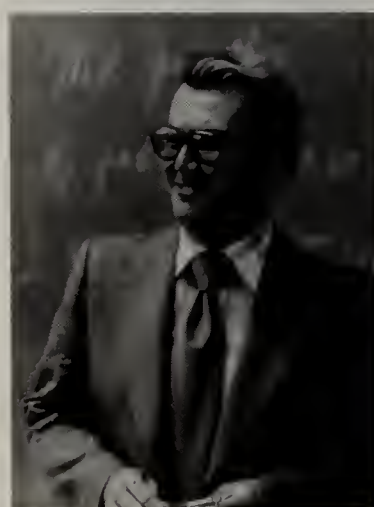
Doris Taam  
Science  
Mass. Institute of Technology

Suzanne Smith  
English  
Boston University

Frank Tierney  
English  
Boston University

John Stouffer  
Science

Patricia Tierney  
Math  
Boston College







John Tinker  
Science  
Union College

Elizabeth Trubia  
Librarian  
Bridgewater State College

Nancy Waddell  
Social Studies  
Boston University

Jack Wallace  
Math  
Harvard University

Roberta Walsh  
Art  
Boston School Museum in Tufts

Priscilla Wolanyk  
French

Alice Yacobian  
English  
Boston College

Joan Grimm RN  
Nurse  
Skidmore College

John Crowley  
Science  
Syracuse University

Jane Smith  
Guidance  
Northeastern University





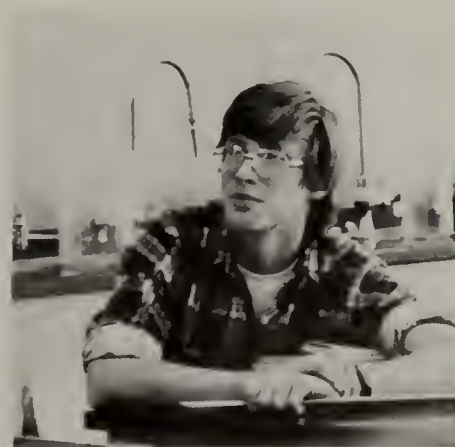




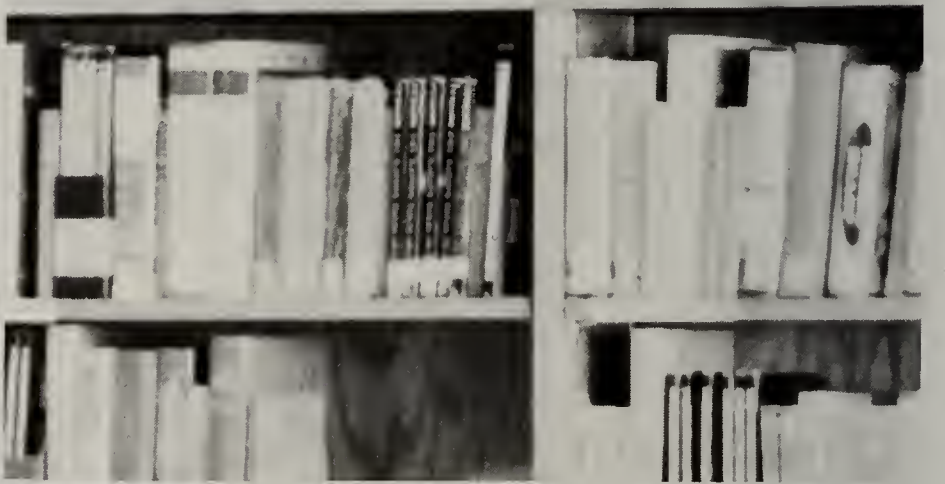
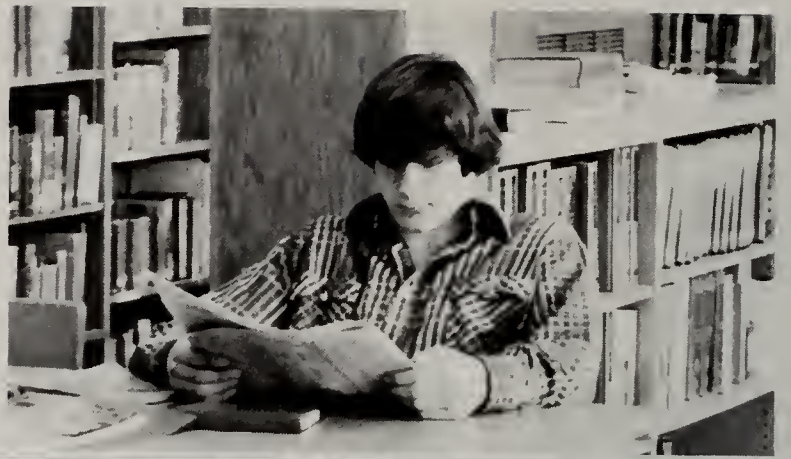




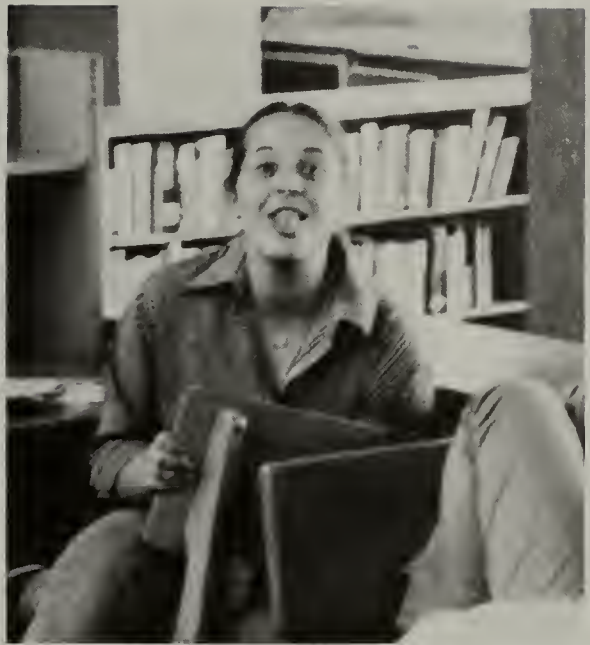












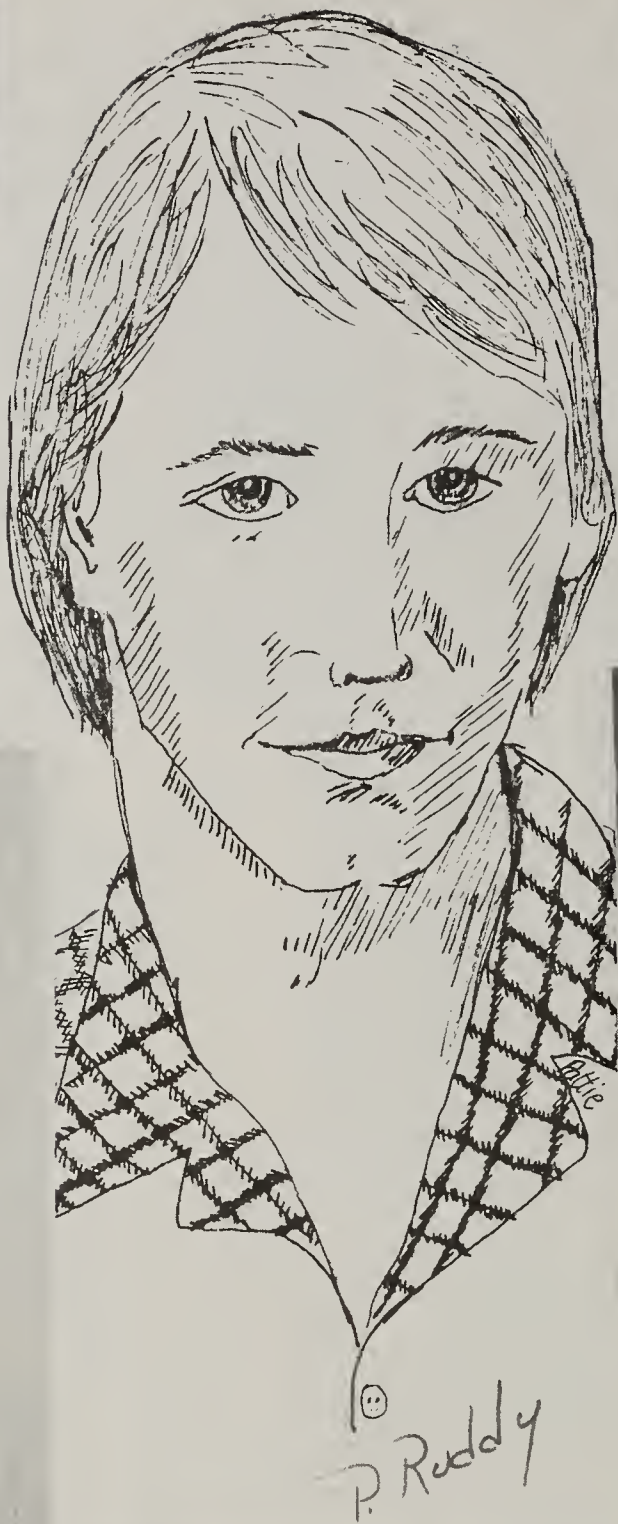
















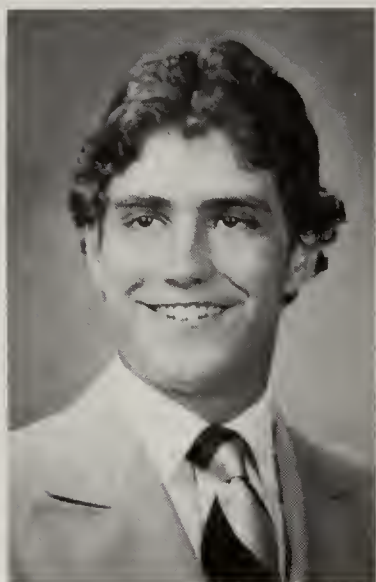
A splendor so sincere and carefree  
 An innocent heart diving into darkness  
 so many hearts you left behind  
 shattered into tiny pieces  
 although it may not be easy  
 we shall in time mend our hearts of such a wound  
 Yet always there will be left the scar of such a loss  
 Each heart you did warm so dearly  
 with your deep and loving ways  
 so generous in your mode and eager to bring any  
 happiness  
 never shall we leave behind the memories of such a  
 boy  
 . . . no one can understand such a loss.  
 Thers no explanation as we sit and wonder  
 our hearts ache searching for the answer  
 "why such an innocent heart"

Liz Shaw

You entered our lives, on the crest of a breeze,  
 And entered our hearts, forever.

Laura Coyle

Mike Manton  
 Classmate



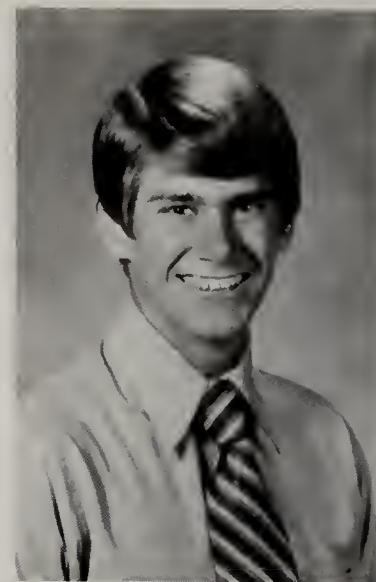
David  
Abreu



Michael  
Achille



David  
Adams



Samuel  
Adams



Thomas  
Aitken



Kimberly  
Alger

Ice: Do it till your satisfied.

Kim: "For I have known them all already, known them all-  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons, I have  
measured out my life with coffee spoons;"

Nancy: Its a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to stay.

Mark: You can find anything if you look well enough, even  
happiness.

Eileen: All's I can say is its a damn shame!!



Nancy  
Amoroso



Mark  
Anderson



Eileen  
Andrews



Tim  
Andrews





Mark  
Angeramo



Jacquelyn  
Antonie



Alison  
Arena



Elizabeth  
Argiro

Jackie: So when I tell you that I love you, it doesn't mean you'll never leave, just that I wish you wouldn't.

Al: We may change with the season, but the seasons will not change us.

Robin: By By.



Mary Ann  
Argiro



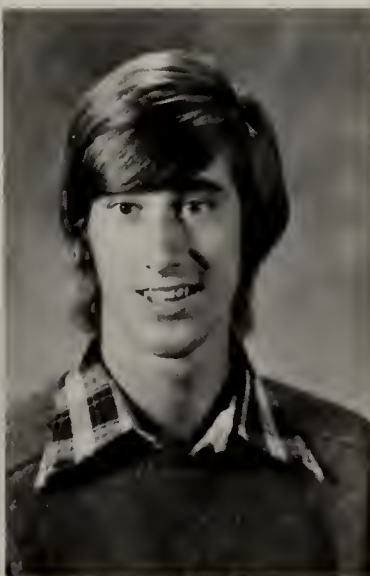
Howard  
Arkell



Carrie  
Armstrong



Robin  
Ashworth



Howard  
Asnes



Patricia  
Ayers

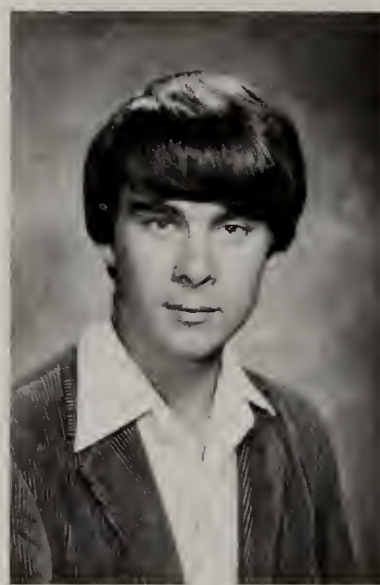




Kristin  
Balerna



Frank  
Barbuto



Andrew  
Bargende



Kristine  
Barnes



Elizabeth  
Barone



Mary Ann  
Barrasso

Pris: All you've got to do is call, and I'll be there - You've got a friend.

Andrew: Remember the Good Oak

Kris: There is much more learning than knowing in the world -  
Thomas Fuller

Liz: Some people learn to lie - it's the fortunate ones who  
learn to create.

Judith: The most wasted day of all is that one in which you  
have not laughed.

Sue B.: May the saddest days of your future be no worse than  
the happiest days of your past.

Linda: We may be wretched, but we are the champions.



Kenneth  
Barrows



Judith  
Bartlett



Susan  
Bartlett



Linda  
Barton





Lauren  
Battista



Edward  
Baumgartner



Annette  
Beatty



Susan  
Belknap

Lauren: Happiness is not having the things you want, but wanting the things you have.

Ted: The sea, the new frontier, challenging, exciting, mysterious.

Jay: Goodbye!

David: Lose your dreams and you may lose your mind.

Ovida Elaine: Good future is unto the seeker.



Cynthia  
Bell



Douglas  
Bennett



Gerald  
Berggren



David  
Birkenfield



Timothy  
Bowen



Ovida  
Britton





Wendy  
Brown



Stephen  
Bryant



Joseph  
Buckley



John  
Budde



Fred  
Budlong



Mary  
Burke

Wendy: Be an individualist; one who follows another is always one step behind.

Buck: "Sometimes I feel I'm in the middle of a Woody Allen Flick."

Budwinkle: Our hope lies in the future, and future will realize our hopes.

Ma: Sky be my depth, wind be my with and height! Points!

Sallie: "... What a long, strange trip it's been."



William  
Burke



Peter  
Buttkus



Sally  
Buxton



Gregory  
Caira





Walter  
Callahan



Douglas  
Calnan



Ronald  
Campbell



Christopher  
Capezuto

Doug: To be is to make mistakes; To be perfect is to have many mistakes.

Ronnie: "We try harder".

Maggie: Know thyself.

Tom: To get something in life you have to want it bad enough first.

Cato: "The cup of life's for him that drinks and not for him that sips."



Ernie  
Capparotta



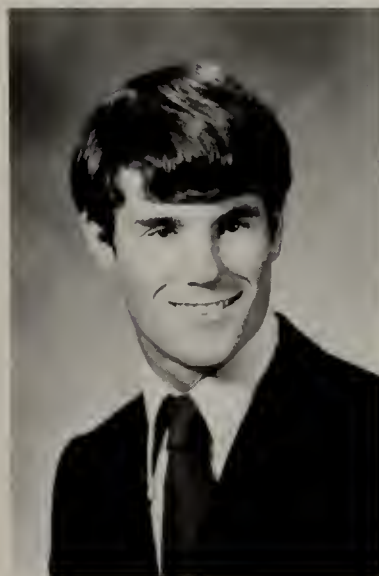
Edward  
Carnes



Helen  
Carr



Kathy  
Casagrandi



Thomas  
Casey



Christopher  
Caton





Susan  
Caton



David  
Childs



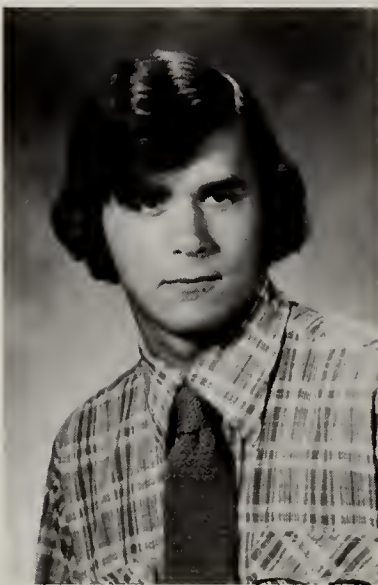
Jeff  
Clabault



Daniel  
Clark



Sandra  
Clark



Robert  
Clement

Danal: If you don't like it the first time-wait till the second.

Susan: Jumble cribbum . . . points, my friends!!!

David: It matters not how long we live; but how we live it.

Cotton Tail: "He with all his marbles, has no friends."

Dana: Hey tomorrow, where are you going? Do you have some room for me?

John:"YOWIE"



John  
Cochran



Thomas  
Coffey



Dana  
Collier



Deirdre  
Collins





Margaret  
Collins



Ann Marie  
Comer



Denise  
Connors



Clare  
Conroy

Meg: If you can imagine it you can achieve it; if you can dream it you can become it.

Clare: Don't stop believing - you'll get by.

Denise: Too have a friend is to be one . . .



Joseph  
Conti



Laura  
Cook



Linda  
Cosgray



Paul  
Costello



Richard  
Cox



Dennis  
Coyne

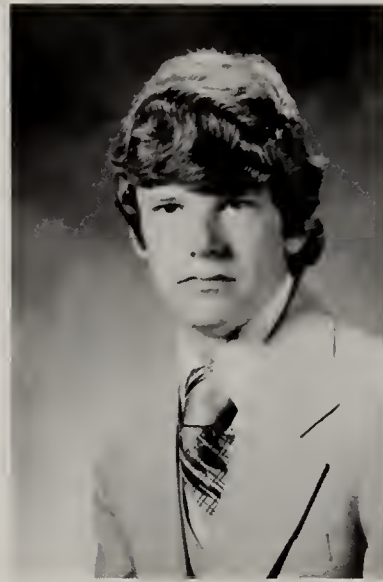




Phillip  
Craig



David  
Creighton



Arthur  
Cronin



James  
Crowley



Sarah  
Curtis



Gary  
Cusack

Phil: Why??

Art: It's not worth doing unless you do it right.

Sarah: If you love something set it free; if it comes back it's love, if it doesn't it never was.

Ahforphk: Onward through the fog.

Steve: Forever it will be for sure.

Paulette: If you can imagine it, you can achieve it, if you can dream it, you can become it.



Patricia  
Daly



Steven  
Damewood



Paulette  
D'Angelo



Bradford  
Darrach





Susan  
Davis



Joan  
Dedian



Sheryl  
Deems



Dwight  
Delude

Sue: I wish for you my friend, this happiness I have found.

Joan: Life is a journey, not a destination, climb high, climb far, your aim the sky your goal the star.

Sheri: Parting is such sweet sorrow.

Dwight: I'm no leader, I'm no joiner, and I'm no follower and if I die alone I'll die alone.

Tater Picker: "I get by with little help from my Friends."

Tom: It not what we learn but what we do with what we've learned.

John: Nothing in life is more valuable than good friends.



Elizabeth  
Devitt



Donald  
Deware



Thomas  
Dewitt



Lisa  
Diersch



John  
Diezemann



Maureen  
Dillon

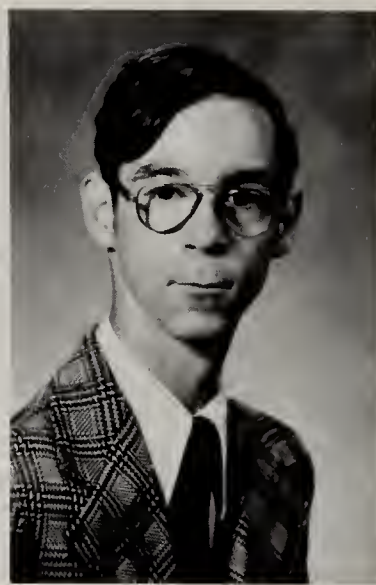




Michael  
Doherty



Catherine  
Donahue



Michael  
Downing



Edward  
Doyle



Jeannie  
Drummond



Peter  
Duggan

Michael: Life's a bitch.

Cathy: If I were to seek my own glory, there would be no glory at all.

Ted: Nobody is above talking nonsense, the tragedy is when it is done solemnly.

Malcolm: Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice shame on me.

Terry: Bad sneakers and a Pina Colada my friend . . .

Greig: When you walk through life, walk tall.

Mark: Life is but a game and we are but the players.



Therese  
Dwyer



Christopher  
Eaton



Greg  
Elliott



Mark  
Elliott





Laurence  
Ellis



Ritchie  
Ellis



Jon  
Engdahl



Alicia  
Ernst

Lishe: Kiss today goodbye . . . and point me towards to-morrow.

Carol: The world stands out on either side, no wider than the heart is wide.

Dennis: You better hope I never get out.

Fishman: Your thoughts of today create your joy for to-morrow.



Carol  
Fairfield



Dennis  
Falvey



Richard  
Feitelberg



Jeffrey  
Ferguson

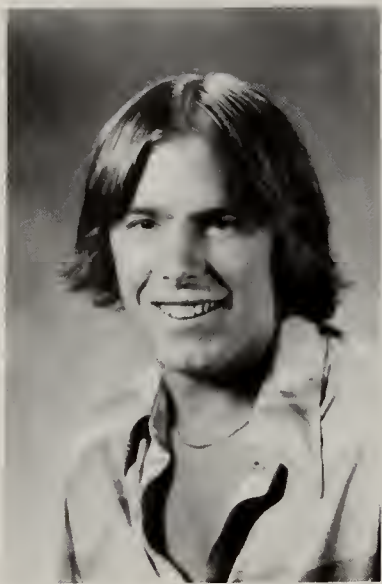


James  
Finley

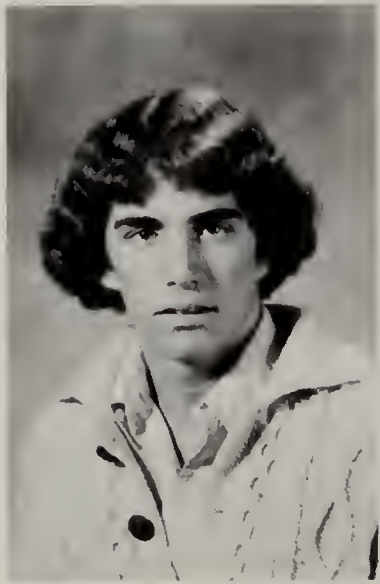


John  
Fisher





Bruce  
Fithian



Barry  
Fitzgerald



Catherine  
Flanagan



Diane  
Ford



Ronald  
Frappier



Jane  
Freeman

Bruce: Later Much.

Fitzy: This place is history.

Ronny: I pulled out of the waters of education.

Jane: Hear what I have to say but don't listen to closely. Asking for twice as much as I want, I hope only to get what I need.

Lisa: No brain, no pain.

Gail: We will always think of our future days, but never forget our past ones.



Frederick  
Gallagher



Lorraine  
Gallo



Lisa  
Garvin



Gail  
Gatturna





Sarah  
Gellatly



Bonnie  
Glasheen



Gary  
Goldberg



Joyce  
Gordon

Sarah: They can because they think they can!

Bonnie: Life just is. You have to flow with it, give yourself to the moment, let it flow.

Joyce: Do not follow where the path leads. Rather, go where there is no path and leave a trail.

Leon: Life is like a map, you may take many different routes to reach one destination.

Donna: We're not the first . . . we're not the last . . . but it feels like we've been here the longest!

Gratta: Love can change people but people can't change love.

Ellen: One laughs, one cries, two uniquely human traits and the main thing in life is never be afraid of being human!

Nita: Be glad of life, it gives us chance to love, dream, act, and most of all to reach the sun.

Julie: One is only as smart as he thinks he is.



Leon  
Granahan



Donna  
Grassie



Maria  
Gratta



Ellen  
Gray



Juanita  
Green



Julie  
Guarina





James  
Guerra



Charles  
Gyukeri



Jeff  
Haack



Leslie  
Haggblom



Sheila  
Hall



Daniel  
Ham

James: If you think you're good, you are I.

Chuckles: Life is like a cycle - you have to live in it.

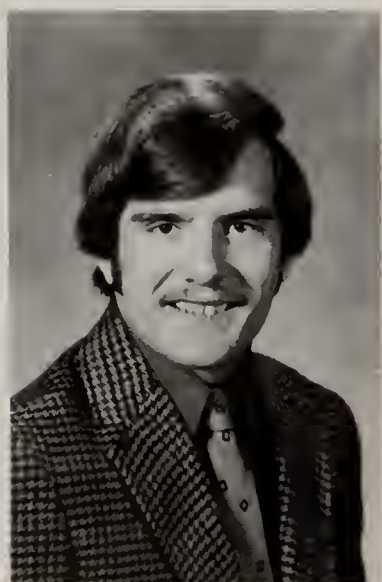
Jeff: Good luck to those who take early auto shop and work till 11 p.m.

Les: Don't stop thinking about tomorrow; don't stop, it will soon be here.

Sheila: I still love those good days gone by - hold on to them close or let them go.

John: John 3:16

Pamski: Kiss today good-bye and point me towards tomorrow, wish me luck the same to you . . .



David  
Ham



John  
Hamon



James  
Hanlon



Pamela  
Harvey





Robert  
Hatch



Elizabeth  
Hawes



Lauren  
Healey



Paul  
Hennessey

Hatchberg: Don't trust anyone unless your brother's a lawyer.

Lizzie: "Let us fill our finest cups with the wine and celebrate our Love of life."

Peter: UNACCEPTABLE!

Hernie: I am I, and I like being what I am, Me.

Brenda: Youth and innocence are a matter of the heart and mind rather than a matter of age.



Raymond  
Hennessey



William  
Healey



Peter  
Henrickson



Paula  
Hernberg



Susan  
Herzberg



Brenda  
Hickey





William  
Hickey



Stephen  
Hickman



Stephanie  
Higgins



Barbara  
Hinkley



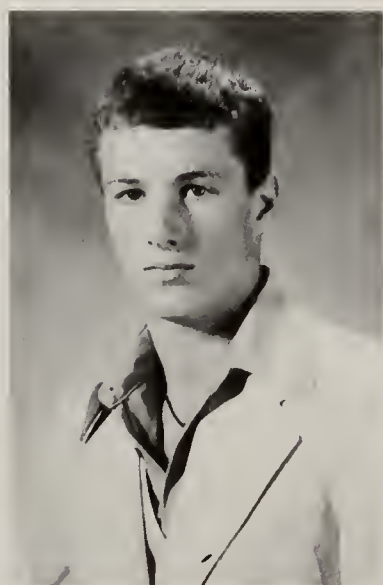
Pamela  
Hinkley



Janet  
Hines

Ima: Life can be odd at times; what does it prove? It is a game  
you play to see how fast people can grow up. But in time  
they wish they were young again.

Squirrel: Ignore em' and maybe they'll go away.



Brian  
Hoar



Stephen  
Hoelschen

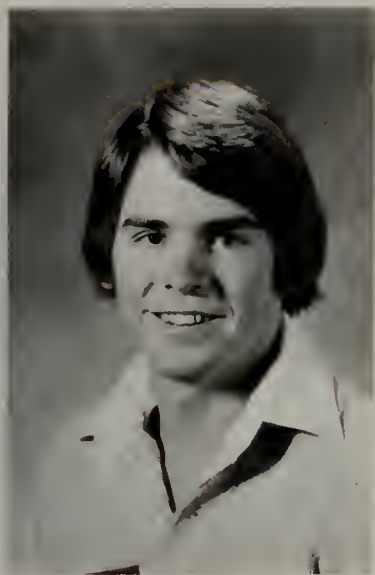


Karen  
Honkalehto



Wendy  
Houghton





George  
Howard



Sherman  
Hoyt



Robert  
Hudson



Judith  
Hulbert

Sherm: "The Larch"

Judy: Good things come to those who wait.

Hutch: History is full of many quotes, but only you can make them come to life.

Kelly: Before you discover your handsome prince . . . you have to kiss a lot of toads!

Marybeth: Hingham: Believe it or not, we all have had pretty good times her - I'll miss it - and everyone I love.



John  
Hutchinson



Kelly  
Ireton



Marybeth  
James



William  
Jefferson



Mark  
Jenning



Lorraine  
Johnson





Robert  
Johnson



Charles  
Johnston



Paula  
Kachin



Lynn  
Kaloyanides



Bruce  
Kay



Ann  
Kelley

Lisa: It's a long, long road . . . for which there is no return.

Bruce: To immortalize the soccer goons of 1977.

Annie: It's just that demon life has got me in it's sway.

Darlene: What a thing friendship is - World without end!



Darlene  
Kennedy



Gary  
Kessener



Michelle  
King



Christopher  
Knight





Karin  
Koönce



Anita  
Kost



Susan  
Krall



Jacquelyn  
Kurciviewz

Karin: Can a sane man survive in an insane world?

Anita: I see my light come shinning, from the west unto the east. Any day now, any day now, I shall be released.

Susan: Contentment is just as important as happiness.

Jackie: Lifes short, so smile and enjoy it.

Joaquina: The more man learns the less he knows, and the more involved his thinking grows.

Mini Guinea Shortstuff: "You've gotta go slow below the surface, and easy through the waves . . ."

Cyndy: The way to be happy is to make others so.



Jacquelyn  
Lamb



David  
Lane



Lisa  
Langone



William  
Langrill



Cynthia  
Lassen



Christopher  
Leonard





Paula  
Levin



David  
Lewiecki



Marian  
Lincoln



Stephen  
Linscott



Robert  
Litz



Jennifer  
Lubrano

P.K.: What am I going to do for a living. I want to see what's never been seen; I want to live all of my dreams.

David: Relativity is the essence of all content.

Steve: The memories of a laughter so free and a love so deep perpetuate life.

Robert: Mein schonstes, jahr, in Amerika.

Jenny: Love when you can, cry when you have to, be who you must, that's a part of the plan.

Ce.: The future always arrives a little before you are ready to give up the present.

Darcy: A smile takes but a moment; the memory lasts forever.

Grinch: It was dark and I was drunk.



David  
Lundquist



Cecilia  
Lutz



Gerald  
Lynch



Darcy  
Lyon





Richard  
Lyons



Timothy  
Lyons



Jeffrey  
Maccune



Penelope  
MacEachern

Rick: Today is unimportant when you contemplate tomorrow.

Penny: Smile! It makes everybody wonder what you've been up to.

Cheryl: Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die, life is a broken winged bird that cannot fly."

Karen: All things left behind slowly fade away into memories.

Sue: "We're not here for a long time, we're here for a good time!"



Cheryl  
Makinen



Catherine  
Mallory



Kathleen  
Malloy



Karen  
Mann



Susan  
Mansfield



Michael  
Manton





Jeffrey  
Marcus



Bradford  
Marsh



Ernest  
Marx



Teresa  
McGovern



Elizabeth  
McGrath



Patricia  
McKenna

Jeff: He who would not when he may when he would shall have nay.

Ernie: Good things come in small packages.

Flip: But all is changed with time, the future none can see, the road you leave behind, ahead lies mystery.

Susan: Each person is different-never to exist before, and never to exist again.

David: "Why?", "Why not?"

Mike: I wish I was filthy rich. A reprieve.



Susan  
McLaughlin



David  
McNeice



Kenneth  
Milan



Michael  
Moffa





Mary  
Monaco



Thomas  
Monaco



Robert  
Monaco



Mark  
Morrison

Mo: Whipped

Van: "The days of our youth are the days of our glory"

Bob: If you don't know what you want to do, it's harder to do it.

Mully: A thinker goes nowhere, a dreamer goes everywhere.

Ann: No one needs a smile so much as the person who has none to give.

Murph: I'll see you sailing.



Lynnette  
Mortland



Van  
Mount



Warren  
Mudge



John  
Mullin



Ann  
Murphy



Bret  
Murphy

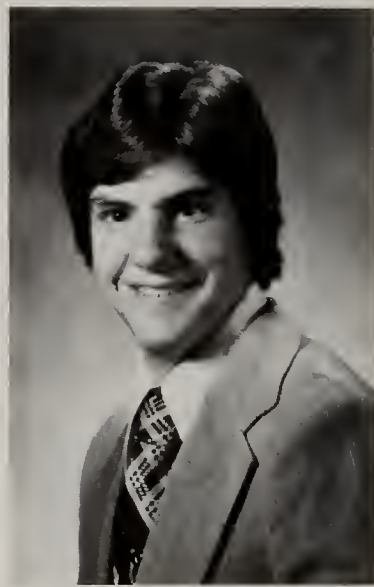




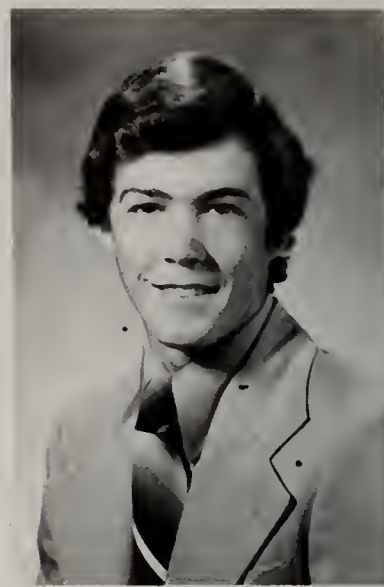
John  
Murphy



Mary Ellen  
Murphy



Thomas  
Nardo



Robert  
Nevins



Paul  
Niland



Susanne  
Noon

John: Within each apple there is the potential for a million orchards

Mary Ellen: It's the set of the soul that decides its goal, and not the calm or the strife.

Ray: Giv'me some money!

Vito: There is not time like the present, so I'll wait until tomorrow

Bob: What a rave!

Starsky: Live life to the fullest laugh — Smile — Be happy; Make every second a special occasion. You only live once.

Sue: A man cannot discover new oceans unless he has the courage to lose sight of the shore.

Tom: Il y a trois langues universelles: l'amour, les beaux arts, et les mathematiques.

Mary: If you can imagine it, you can achieve it. If you can dream it, you can become it.



Lisa  
Norris



Thomas  
Norton



Robert  
O'Keefe



Mary  
O'Neal





Thomas  
O'Regan



Leslie  
Osborne



Brian  
Packard



Nancy  
Parker

Tommy: 25,000 years is as far as the eye can see on the clearest of Nights.

Brian: You can't always get what you want, but you can try.

Patches: A man needs a little intelligent ignorance to get anywhere in life, but never give a sucker an even break . . . right F.T.?

Dana: The important thing is not so much in discovering one's roots as in branching out for one's self.



Thomas  
Patch



Dana  
Paul



Timothy  
Peaslee



Nora  
Pelrin



John  
Peraino



Minna  
Perraa





Mark  
Peterson



Janet  
Piazza



Bruce  
Pinel



Carol  
Pizzelli



Lauren  
Power



Donna  
Powers

Peteskin: I know that you believe that you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure that you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.

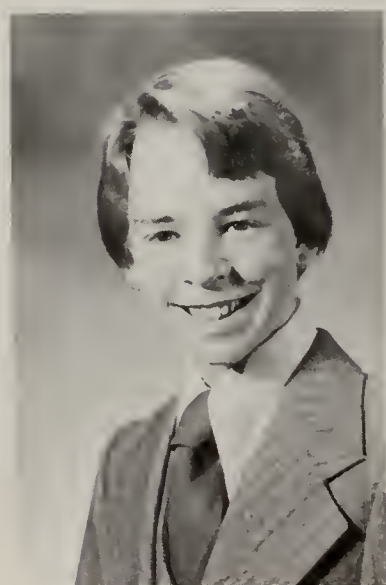
Donna: Wear a smile - always.

Ned: I worry about being a success in a mediocre world.

Patty: Live today like it's your last.

Jenny: Smile and the world smiles with you, frown and you frown alone.

Lauren: Yesterday is but today's memory, and tomorrow is today's dream.



Edward  
Price



Patricia  
Principato



Jennifer  
Puleo



Jose  
Puoli





Nancy  
Raymond



John  
Read



Carol  
Regan



Abigail  
Rhines

Carol - A person who cannot be a fool, at times is a fool.

Abby - He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. I Tim. 6.15.

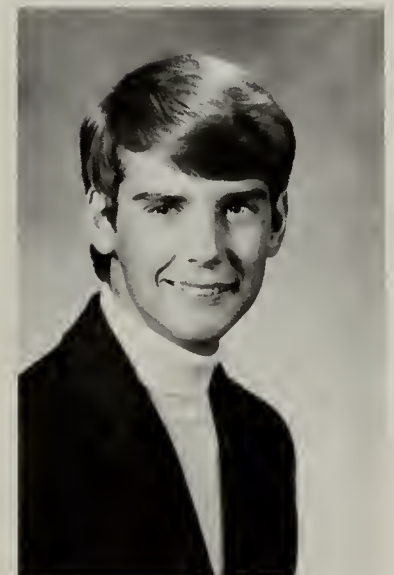
Tod - It's nice to be important but more important to be nice.

Chris - The years teach much what the days never know.

Beth - Love when you can-cry when you have to.



William  
Ribaud



Theodore  
Ricci



Marian  
Richards



Beth  
Richardson



Michael  
Richardson



Thomas  
Rogers

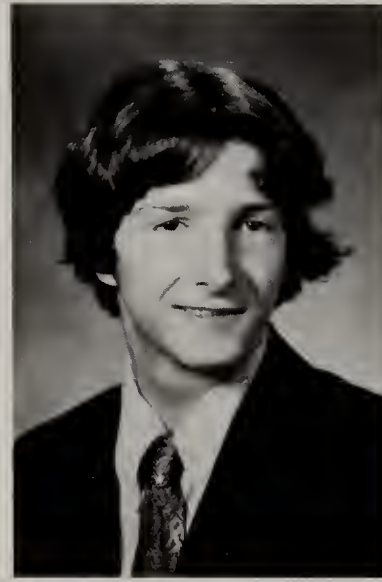




Paula  
Romano



Lourdes  
Roth



William  
Rubbo



Patricia  
Ruddy



Elizabeth  
Ryan



Sean  
Ryan

Lourdes: We can't return, we can only look behind from where we came.

Rud: "What lies behind you and what lies be for you, are tiny matters compared to what lies within you."

Beth: Cherish yesterday . . . live today . . . dream of tomorrow.

Sean: If you can't bafel'em with brilliance, bafel'em with bull-shit.

Shimmer: We've only just begun to live.

Stu: We only have one life to live, and this is no dress rehearsal.



Larry  
Schelle



Stuart  
Schiffman



Michael  
Schiller



Jeanne  
Schmid





Kathryn  
Schmid



Peter  
Scholtes



Marie  
Scioscia



Peter  
Secatore

Riesey: You can be true to others but you must be true to yourself.

Peter: If all you talk about is yesterday, then you haven't done anything worth while today.

Carol: We must learn to love people and use many things, not use people and love things.

Heidi: Well-timed silence has more eloquence than speech.

Liz: Time goes on? Ah-no! Alas, Time stays - We go.

Jan: Through love one creates his own personality and helps others create theirs.

Karin: Variety is the Spice of life.



Walter  
Secatore



Carol  
Sestito



Heidi  
Shahbaz



Elizabeth  
Shaw



Janet  
Shaw



Karin  
Shea





Elizabeth  
Sheridan



Andrea  
Scholler



Craig  
Simpson



Christine  
Singleton



Brian  
Southwick



Deborah  
Stamper

Elizabeth: The Earth has music for those who listen.

Andi: I have never let my schooling interfere with my education.

Simpa: There's no Muff too tough - You must learn to make love,

Chris: Green grass and high tides forever.

Brian: No quote is a good quote.

Debbie: A ship in a harbor is safe but that's not what ships were built for.

Connie: Act now. Ask questions later. D.P.

Valerie: Friends are like warm clothes in the night air. Best when they're old and missed most when they're gone.

Chuck: The things you see when you don't have a gun.

Johnese: For you will still be here tomorrow but your dreams may not.



Connie  
Stevens



Valerie  
Stimpson



John  
Stoddard



Johnese  
Sullivan





Kathryn  
Sullivan



Pamela  
Sullivan



William  
Sullivan



Marie  
Susicillon

Katy: I'm free as a bird now.

Pam: Time changes so many things, but; our friendship has stood up against all knowing that I have friends like you.

Sully: More people are flattered into virtue than bullied into vice . . . I think?

Marie: And by the power of a word, I start my life again; I was born to know you, to name you: Liberty.

Nancy: We are here to party.

Pepe: You only get out of life what you put into it.

Teebs: Character is a diamond that scratches every other stone.

Larry: May you live as long as you want to; may you want to as long as you live.



Nancy  
Swofford



Karen  
Taylor



Scott  
Taylor



Mark  
Thibault



Lawrence  
Thomas



Melinda  
Thomas





Valerie  
Thomas



Gregory  
Thornton



Donna  
Tocchio



Barbara  
Toland



Kathryn  
Tornberg



Robert  
Tose

Val: A friendly smile goes a long way.

Donna: Cherish yesterday; dream tomorrow; live today.

Kathy: To be a friend is never forgotten.

Bob: Hey Ice Cream.



Steven  
Tower



Gail  
Troia



Patricia  
Tully



Robert  
Vardarc





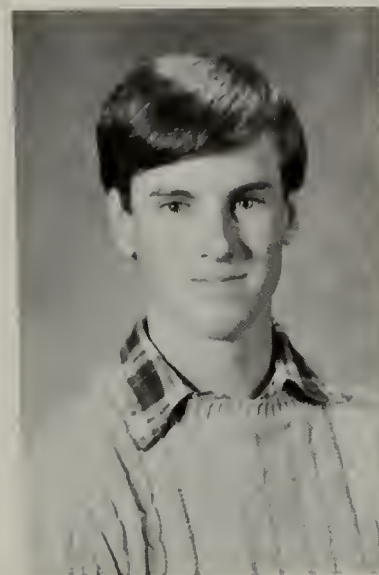
Michael  
Vaughan



Kathy  
Vaughn



Kathleen  
Vickery



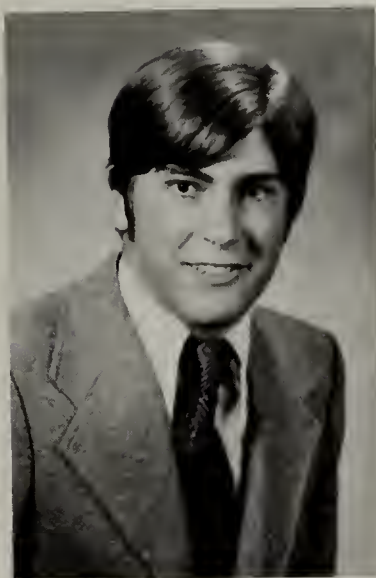
Kevin  
Vigneau

Kathy: "... parting is not painful, for that which you love most in a friend may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain."

Sherry: Await your arrival with simple survival, and one day we'll all understand.

Wardy: Duke's Up!

Leslie: Learn as though you will live forever; live as if you will die tomorrow.



Mark  
Vlachos



Sheryl  
Wade



John  
Wall



Robert  
Ward



Leslie  
Warden



Carla  
Waters





Harold  
Waugh



Rhonda  
Way



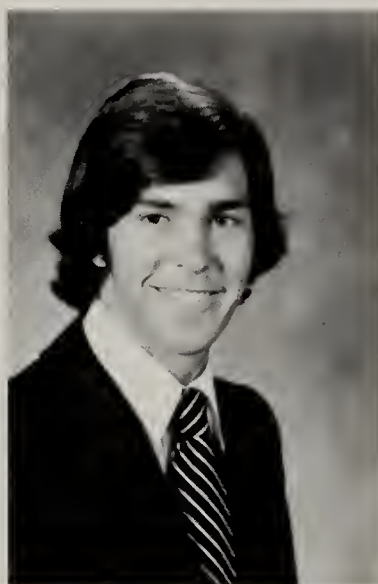
Kathleen  
Welch



John  
Wells



Martha  
West



William  
Wheaton

Kathy: It's never to late.

John: The future is awaited with great anticipation and hope.

Bill: Non illigitime carbarundum est.

Nancy: It's lazy people who get things done.

Melissa: It's the laughter we will remember whenever we remember the way we were.

Sneaks: In God we trust. Everyone else pays cash.

Disco Kid: Dance your ass off!

Clyde: "... You might as well."

Lauren: On to bigger and better things - diamonds are forever.

Rhonda: It matters not who you love! It matters not how you love! It matters most that you love!



Nancy  
Whelan



Melissa  
Whish



Donald  
White



Robert  
Whiting





Terence  
Wigmore



Dana  
Williams



Jodi  
Wolfe



Lauren  
Wood



Joan  
Dunn



Terry  
Olson



Randall  
Wood



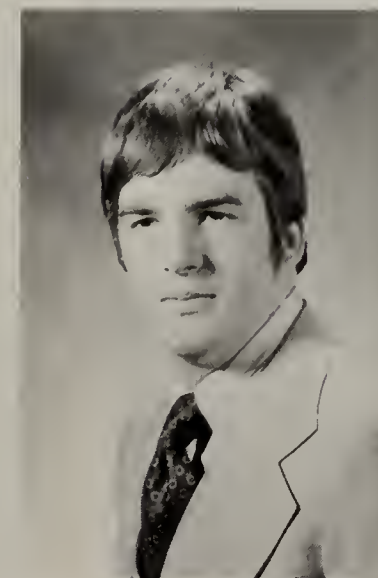
Daniel  
Wright



Paula  
Yetman



Christopher  
Curry



Malcolm  
Dunley

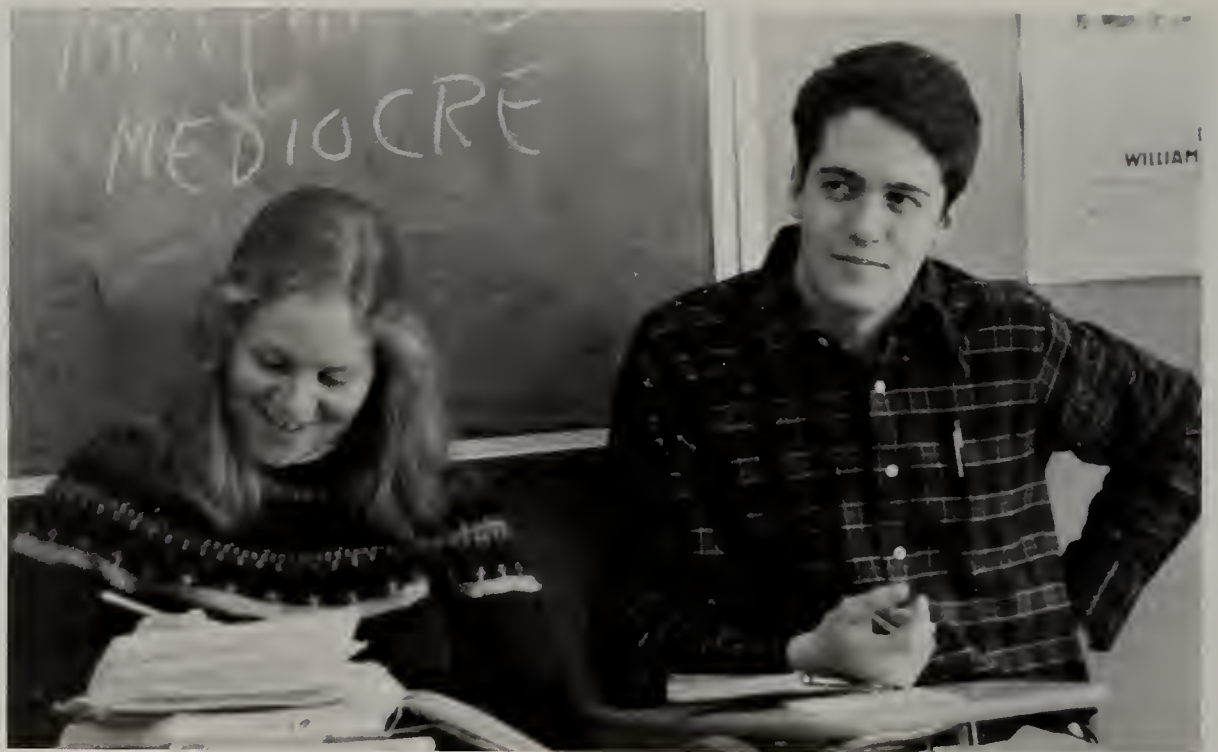


Scott  
Jenkins



## Top Five Favorites Of Class Of 78

Food: Everything  
Pizza  
Italian  
Chinese  
Lasagna







## Top Five Favorites Of The Class Of 78

**Music:** Rock  
Soft Rock  
Disco  
Jazz  
Folk

**Subject:** English  
Math  
History  
Biology  
Science











## Top Five Favorites Of Class 78

### Movie:

Rocky  
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's  
Nest  
Star Wars  
Young Frankenstein  
Monty Python and Holy Grail

### Sport:

Football  
Hockey  
Skiing  
Baseball  
Basketball







## Top Five Favorites Of Class Of 78

**T.V. Show:** Soap  
Mash  
Saturday Night Live  
Three's Company  
Monty Python

**Musical Group:** Fleetwood Mac  
Grateful Dead  
Chicago  
Steely Dan  
Crosby, Stills,  
Nash and Young





# Top Five Favorites Of Class Of 78

Car: Mercedes  
Porsche  
Mustang  
Corvette  
Camaro











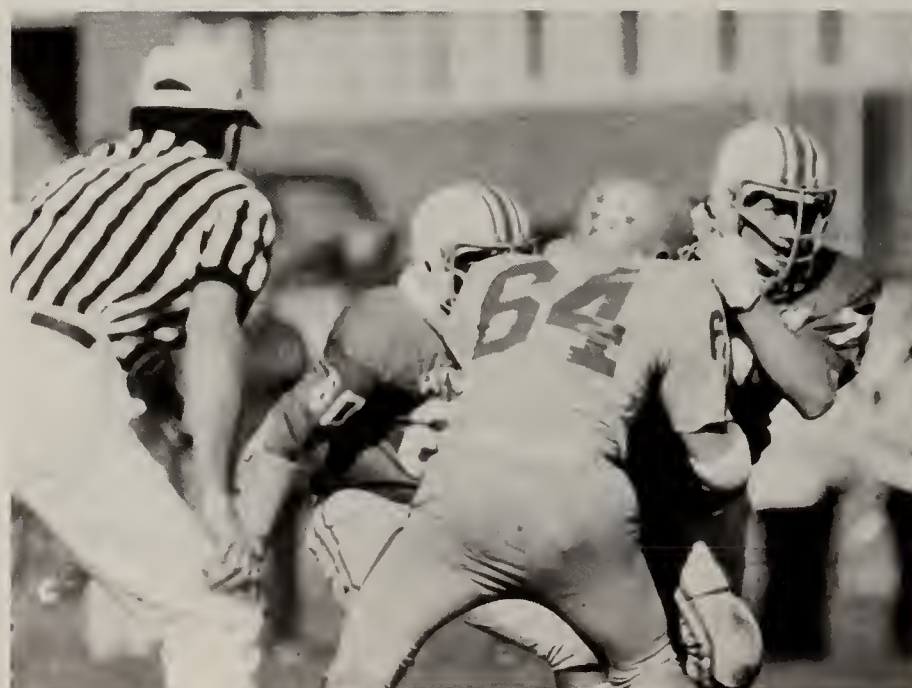
FEEL



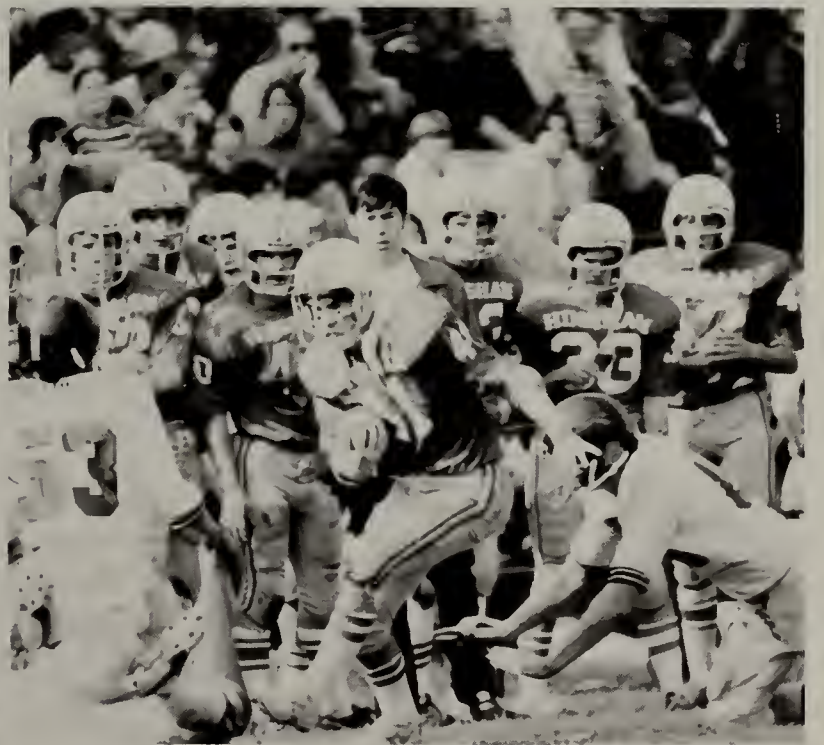
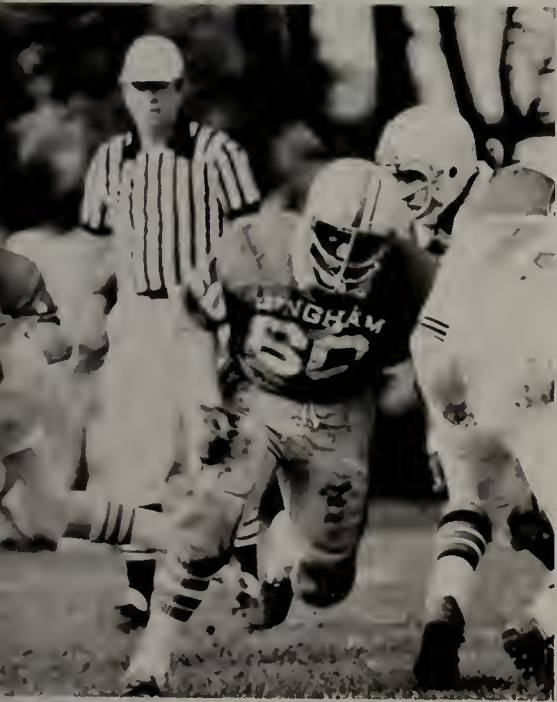
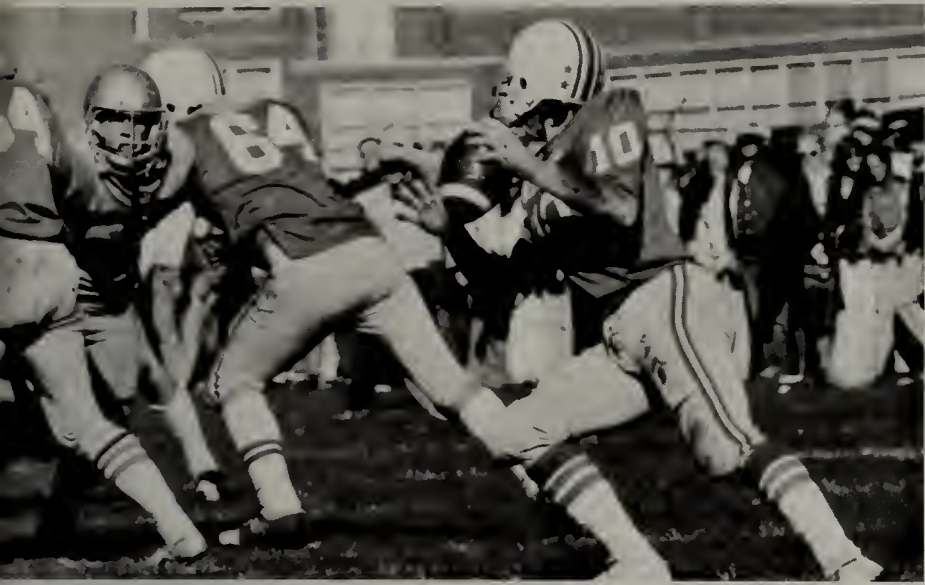


# FOOTBALL

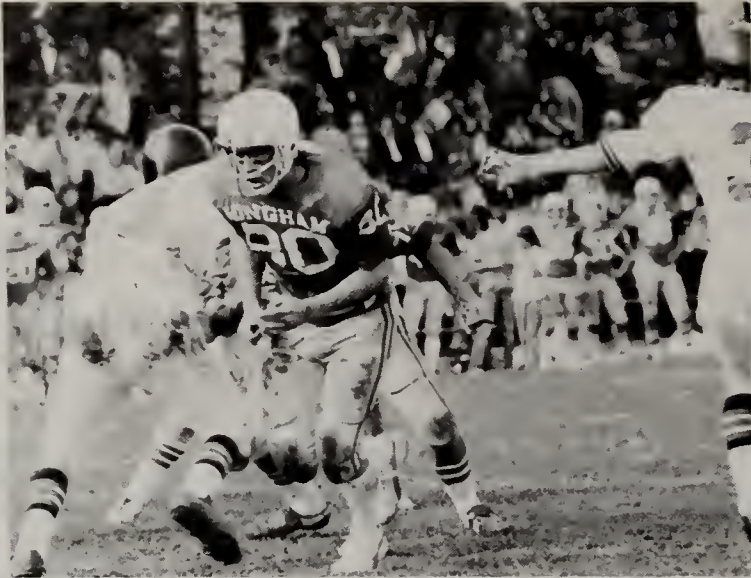
ROW 1 - P. HENNESSEY, T. BAUMGARTNER, D. WHITE, J. CROWLEY, D. CALNAN, M. THIBAUT, (TRI-CAPTS) C. SIMPSON, J. HANLON, R. COX, B. WARD, S. DAMEWOOD, B. MUDGE, T. MONACO, B. WAUGH, T. CASEY, M. MORRISSON. ROW 2 - T. EGAN, R. GIARUSSO, R. YOUNG, K. MCCHORD, M. STEVENSON, P. INGRAHAM, J. GRIFFIN, M. O'BRIAN, R. PIRANIAN, D. MCHUGH, G. MICHLESON, C. KELLY ROW 3 - S. MCDONOUGH (MANAGER), K. LASORDO, P. APPESSOS, T. KRALL, M. MCCARRON, E. CASEY, T. CARRIGAN, E. FITZWILLIAM, M. LINCOLN, B. WEISER, A. SHAW, L. CAVANAUGH, B. COX, S. PROUTY, C. CASEY, D. SMITH















Soccer Cheerleaders: C. Costello, K. Davis, L. Healey, P. Linscott, B. Thibault, J. Shaw, R. Mello, S. Drumenhauser Co-Captains: Flip McGrath, Sheila Hall



Football Cheerleaders: H. Demco, J. Barret, J. Antoine, M. Monaco, B. Gushue, K. Ireton (Captain) C. Reagan (Captain) P. D'Angelo, S. Curtis M. Donovan, T. Scary





GIRLS FIELD HOCKEY - VARSITY  
 ROW 1 - (TRI-CAPTAINS) P. AYERS, N. WHELAN, N. RAYMOND, D. KIMBALL, L. SMITH, B. HICKEY ROW 2 - S. BURBANK, M. LANG, C. O'CONNELL, K. ECKART, P. KEENAN, J. LUBRANO M. WHISH, N. SWOFFORD, L. BARTON, COACH MERIDETH GORDON







GIRLS FIELD HOCKEY - JUNIOR VARSITY  
 ROW 1 - N. WARDEN, P. SULLIVAN, M. PYNE, S. MARGLIN, C. LINDBERG, L. MOREFELL ROW 2 - J. THRE-FALL, M. LEARY, K. LENEHAN, C. LEWIS, M. MES-SNER, M. HARLING J. HAMON COACH - BARBARA HOUGH











#### BOYS SOCCER

ROW 1 - B. NEVINS, K. GONSALVES, S. LINSKOTT, L. POULI, S. DANE, A. MOUNT, R. PEASE, J. WALL, B. KAY, K. LEARY, E. MARX, COACH - ED CONNORS  
 ROW 2 - COACH - CRAIG LOW, D. CREIGHTON, D. FARRELL, S. WITTKOWSKI, C. COLLETI, C. DEANE, J. FISHER, S. BRYANT, B. BURKE, T. DOYLE, M. RICHARDSON, D. LANE, P. MC CARTHY, V. MOUNT, S. ADAMS, S. HOYT, A. CRONIN



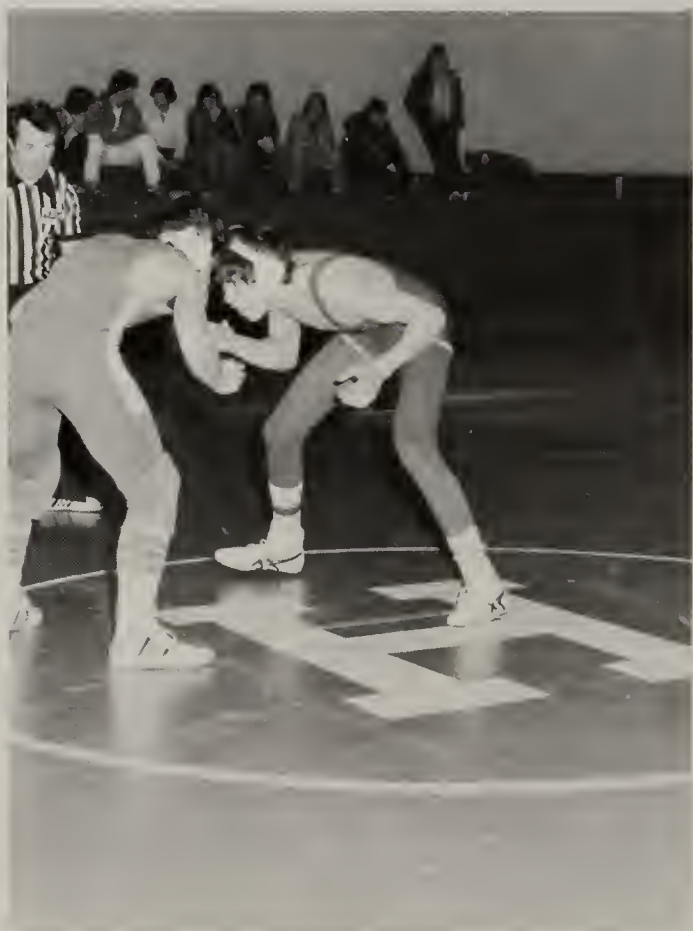
















# WRESTLING

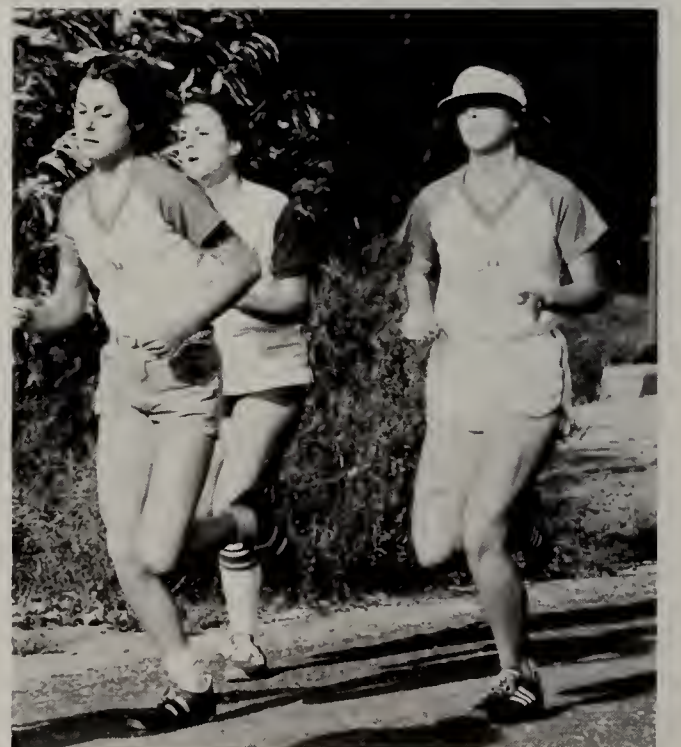
T. SNOBER, S. FULTON, T. ALGER, L. HAMILTON, T. BAUMGARTNER, P. CROWLEY, T. WIGMORE, M. ELLIOTT, B. SOUTHWICK, A. ROBINSON CAPTAINS: T. BAUMGARTNER, T. WIGMORE







**BOYS TRACK**  
 BACK ROW - MR. RYAN - COACH, B. SULLIVAN, F. ANDERSON, C. LEONARD (CAPT), R. MANELY, M. HUGHES, C. HOYT, M. MOFFETT FRONT ROW - T. RICCI, B. MC MEEKIN, D. COYNE, P. BALBONI, G. LINSKOTT, M. STEVES







GIRLS TRACK-ROW 1 - MR. RYAN - COAHC, D. HENDRICKSON, L. NOBLE, J. MC NEICE, J. DRUMMONDS, M. WAMPOLE, D. JORDON, K. CODY





# THESPIANS

Mr. Berlenbach, R. Lyons, K. Alger, S. Gregg, J. Heapes, N. Green, C. Richards, L. Kaloyanides, P. Harvey, G. Elliot, S. Shiffman





#### DRAMA CLUB

B.Berlenbach, Director, Officers: Chris Richards, Lyn Kaloyanides, Pam Harvey, and Jeanne Heapes 2nd R. K.Kaloyanides T.Eaton, P.Hiscock, L.Carr, J.Urbati, J.Chipman, C.Booth, M.Marchesiani, L. Chen, L.Coyle, B.Darrach, B.Whiting, M. Scotia, G.Elliott, C.Jennings 3rd R. K.Cooke, S.Sommers, L.Galvin, J.Koelinger, M.Arena, A.Brown, B.Ertman, M.Barnes, O.Britton, D.Driscoll, M.Doherty, K. Martin 4th R. S.Gregg, V.Stimpson, R. Gasparello, R.Lyons, S.Adams, K. Alger, A. Arena, B.Bravo, A.Beatty, B.Megquier, J.Misler, N.Greene, T.Hardy







# No No Nannette









# Math Club

Advisor Mr. Baisden

Math Club l to r John Chen, Tom Norton, John Hamon, Mark Kiley, Sue Belknap, Pam Hiscock, Advisor: Mr. Baisden



# Computer Club

Advisor Mr. Deeter



Computer Club Front: John Chen, Jeff Mayo  
2nd row: Bob Montgomery, Donna Lee  
3rd row: Mark Kiley, Mike Downing, Jane Blackwood  
4th row: Scott Jenkins, Tony Morgan, Mike Cory, Cliff Hoyt



# Hamburg Exchange

Advisor: Mr. Sharpe

Hamburg Exchange front Diane Smith, Paula Yetman back Andrew Bargundy, Jane Freeman, Donna Lee, Dawn Worsley



## Photography Club

Advisor: Mr. Sullivan

Photography Club Eric Phillips, David Rizzotto, Derek Richner  
Missing: Richard Lyons, Ned Price, Gary Goldberg, Barry Jameson



## Classics Club

Advisor: Mr. Ryan

Classics Club Diane Smith, Peter Franklin, David Crowley,  
Barbara Lamb, Debbie Stockwell



# Social Action Club

Advisor:  
Mrs. Howard



## SOCIAL ACTION CLUB

FRONT ROW RICHARD LYONS, JOHN WELLS, VALERIE STIMPSON, CHRIS RICHARDS, MARTHA SHAW, DOUG CALNAN, TOM PATCH, LESLIE WARDEN, LIN SHORE, LAUREN BATTISTA, ALICIA ERNST, KAREN SHEA. BACK ROW CHRIS BARNES, MAGGIE CARR, JAN SHAW, KATHY VICKERY, MARIA SCOCIO, NANCY PARKER, MARY MARXIANO, MARK THIBAUT, SUE DRUMMOND, LIN BARRETTI, CHRIS SWEENEY, ELLEN GREY, ANDREA SHOLLER, DEE DEE COLLINS.

Advisor: Mr. Kirkaldy  
& Mr. Obrien

## International

### INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

LEFT TO RIGHT JAY SNOVER, DAVID CHILDS, JOHN DIEZEMANN, TED DOYLE, MR. OBRIEN, BOB NEVINS, MR. KIRKCALDY, KARIN SHEA, DEE DEE COLLINS, VAN MOUNT, JOE BUCKLEY, TOM PATCH, TERRI DWYER, CHRIS O NEIL



## Affairs Club

Advisor: Mr. Lacatell

## Convention II

### HINGHAM DELEGATION TO CONVENTION II IN WASHINGTON

LEFT TO RIGHT ALLISON ARENA, MARIA SUSCILLION, MEG COLLINS, TOM CASEY, TOM PATCH, DANA COLLIER, DOUG CALNAN, LIZ SHAW, LESLIE WARDEN, LAUREN POWER, FLIP MCGRATH, ALICIA ERNST, JOHNESE SULLIVAN, ANDREA SHOLLER, ADVISOR - DAVID LACATELL MISSING - BOB WHITING







The Yearbook Staff

Advisor: Mr. Frank Tierney

Editors-in-Chief:

Cecilia Lutz, Tom Casey

Doug Calnan, Ellen Grey, Ted Doyle, Tom Aiken, Mark Anderson, Brenda Hickey, Andrea Sholler, Alicia Ernst, Ernie Marx, Jan Shaw, Chris Caton, Liz Shaw, Richard Lyons, Johnese Sullivan, Dana Paul, Leslie Warden, Mark Thibault, John Diezemann, Tom Norton, Tod Ricci

The Yearbook Staff acknowledges with deep appreciation the tremendous support, encouragement, and patience given us by our advisor, Mr. Frank Tierney.







#### NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

front row: Bill Waugh, David Lane, Carrie Reagen, Dennis Coyne, Alison Arena, Jane Freeman, Sue Belknap, Jackie Kurcheviz, Ernie Marx, Mark Thibault, Ellen Grey, Terry Dwyer, Liz Shaw. Middle row: Andrea Sholler, Sue McLaughlin, Alicia Ernst, Jackie Lamb, Kris Barnes, Kristin Belirna, Pattie Ayers, Mary Ellen Murphy, Lyn Kaloyanides, Chris Richards, Cecilia Lutz (Secretary), John Hutchinson, Bob Johnson, Abbey Rhines. Back row: Leslie Warden, Bill Wheaten, Tom Casey, Van Mount, Meg Collins Darlene Kennedy, John Hamon (President), Darcy Lyon, Nancy Swafford, Wendy Brown, Chris Caton (Vice President), Tom Norton, Rob Tose, Richard Lyons, Stuart Shiffman.



#### A. F. S. CLUB

Marie Susicillion (France), Jeanie Laufgrin, Robert Litz (Germany), Chris Russel, Ellen Grey, Wendy Brown, Jenny Stanley, Darcy Lyon, Jennie Labrano (President), Liz Devitt, Chris O'Neal.





#### Project Traces

Front Row: John Oblanes, Paul Shafer, Owen Flarherty, Joe O'Keefe, Dan Murphy, Mitchell Wojtasinski Back Row: Tim Bowen, Scott Airth, Jeff Thompson, Scott Bakus Andy Reed, Mike Davin, Dave Ricci



#### Ski Club

Doug Calnan, Chris Caton Tom Crall, Eric Casey, Bernadette Gushue, Linda Nyman, Jenny Stanley, Andrea Sholler, Sue McLaughlin, Martha Driscoll, Leslie Warden, Sheila Hall, Bill Richards, Beth Coates, Richard Lyons, Rosemary Condari, Laurie Deems Phyllis Chafe, Bob Mudge, John Wall, Jane Barrett, Carol Driscoll, Gail Taylor Bob Bravo, Advisor: Mr. Clark



# Class Officers

## CLASS OFFICERS

### SENIOR CLASS

MARK THIBAUT  
DOUG CALNAN  
STEPHANIE HIGGINS  
TERRY DWYER

### JUNIOR CLASS

JENNY STANLEY  
RICK DWYER  
JANENE SMITH  
BERNADETTE GUSHUE

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

SEAN MC DONOUGH  
SUSAN PINEL  
KATIE KELLEY  
CHRIS FALVEY



Seniors



Juniors



Sophomores





Senior Hall  
Spirit Week

See-Sawathon







#### Student Council Officers

President: Sheila Hall  
 Vice President: Paula Romano  
 Secretary: Andrea Sholler  
 Treasurer: Nancy Swafford

#### Committee Chairman

Vandalism: Scott Taylor  
 Spirit: Liz Shaw  
 Fund Raising: Nancy Swafford  
 Student Concerns: Sue Noon  
 Elections: Paula Romano



#### Student Advisory Council

delegate: Johnese Sullivan  
 alternate: Mary Ellen Murphy

Secretary to the Southeastern Massachusetts Association of Student Councils: Johnese Sullivan





PEP CLUB L to R 3rd row: Maureen Eagen, Jenny Stanley, Brett Thibault, Jan Shaw, Casey Redmond, Susan Pinel, Natalie Shelley, Darlene Kennedy, Pattie Rudy, Terry Dwyer, Dee Dee Collins Marcia Marshall, Natalie Hayes 2nd row: Cathy Price, Pam Linscott, Janene Smith, Claire Delmare, Jean Lofgren, Abbey Rine, Allison Arena, Andrea Shollar, Pam Schnell, Ellen Grey, Debbie Kimball, Sheila Hall, Kim Pinkus, 1st row: Amy Sutton, Tracey Reed, Lin Baretti, Flip McGrath, Wendy Brown, Lauren Powers, Leslie Warden, Liz Shaw, Lauren Battista, Susan McLaughlin, Susan Davis, Alicia Ernst



COLOR GUARD L to R Carol Jennings, Stacey McDonough, Judy Chipman, Jody Urbati, Chris Richards, Shauna Young, Valerie Stimpson, Jean Heapes, Pam Harvey, Sandy Clark, Juanita Green





SPECIAL CHORUS 4TH ROW - SUSAN SMART, MARK ANDERSON 3RD ROW - SUSAN SOMMERS, DAVID LANE, CHRIS CATON, STU FARNHAM KEVIN VIGNEAU 2ND ROW - PAM SCHNELL, KATHY KALOYNIDES, TRACEY REED, JEAN LOFGREN, STACEY MACDONALD, DIANE EMERSON. 1ST ROW - LYN KALOYNIDES, JANE FREEMAN, JEANNE SMITH, DIANE POWERS, JEANNE HEAPES, JEANNIE DRUMMOND, NORA PELRIN, JULIE PETERSON



Barbershop Quartet

Directed by:  
Mr. Bartolotti







JAZZ BAND SIDE AND BACK KEN TAGAN, BILL ERMSON, DIANE JORDON, JOHN WELLS, BOB JOHNSON, STACEY CRONIN, DON DRISCOLL 2ND ROW ALAN FEITLBERG, BILL WHEATON, DAWN WORSLEY, FRANK MARONA, RONNIE ROSSO, TOM NORTON, ANNETTE BEATTY, RALPH GASPERELLO, JEFF WHEATON



Director Mr. Schaffer







## Christmas Concert







# Singing



# T'was The Night Before Christmas











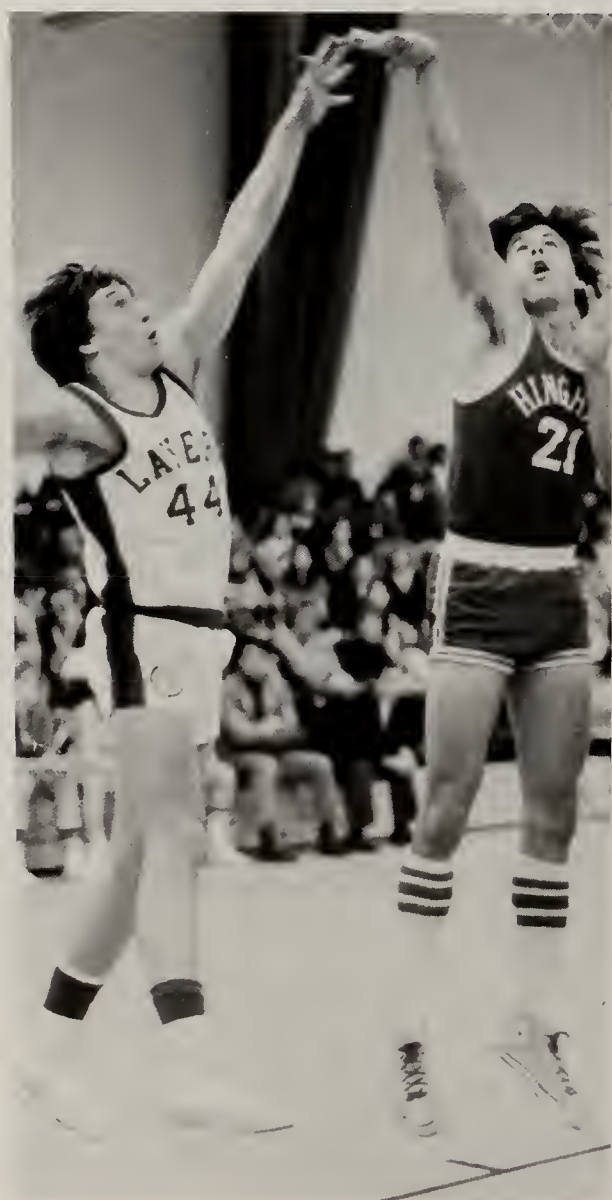
# W I N T E R





# BOYS VARSITY BASKETBALL

Back row left to right: Marcellus Furey; Carl McKenzie, Bill Burke, Bob Leonard, Andrew Emmanuel, Mark O'Brian, Tucker O'Connell, Peter Shea, Larry Rose. Front row left to right: Coach Mortimer, Mike Sullivan, David Abreau, Scott Taylor, Jerry Lynch, John Griffin. Assistant coach Edmond.







Boys J.V. Basketball  
 Front Row: Kieth Kruithoff, Marcellus Furey, Kevin Leary, David McClanahan, Paul Barber, Matt Murphy Back Row: Al Sabbag, Gary Michelson, Mike Redmond, Coach Edmond, David Martin, Mike Hughes, Steve Riley, Missing: David Palmer





**Girls Varsity Basketball**

front row l to r: Meg Pignataro, Karen Shaw, Kathy Vickery, Patty Ayers, Paula Sullivan, Judy Hulbert.  
back row l to r: Johnese Sullivan, Melissa Lang, Donna Deluze, Nancy Roundtree, Mary Deluze, Coach Meredith Gordon.







Girls J V Basketball  
front row l to r: Jane  
Hamon; Maureen  
Walsh, Susie LaHive,  
Ellie LaHive Marie  
Martin, Carol Lewis.  
back row l to r: Linda  
Estabrook, Kathy  
Wareham, Kathy Lena-  
han, Lynn Mohrfeld,  
Ann Schwob, Karen  
Bullock, Stephanie  
Marglin. Missing: Lisa  
Goudas.







### Varsity Hockey

Back Row: Brian Cox, Ron Pease, Richard Neville, Jack Walsh Peter Honkaletto, David Cuminski, Tim Carrigan, Rich Piranian, Roy Giarusso, Chuck Neville, Richard Hannly, George Balerna, Coach Daley Front Row: Ed Rose, Steve Barrett, Paul McCarthy, Gregg Burgess Capt. Jeff MacCune, Capt. Rick Cox, Scott Deware, John Wall, Tony Messina, Mike Doyle











Girls Gymnastics  
l to r: Maureen Egan,  
Laura Noble, Jenny Stan-  
ley, Brenda Hickey, Coach  
Marty Butler, Beth Coates,  
Elaine Ernst, Gail Taylor,  
Dawn Worsley.







Varsity Basketball  
Cheerleaders J. Smith,  
J. Antoine, N. Hayes,  
B. Gushue, J. Kxur-  
cievz, B. Lamb, M.  
Donavan, R. Mello

Hockey Cheer-  
leaders Marie  
Packard, Phyllis  
Chafe, Minna  
Perna, Connie  
Stevens, Gail  
Taylor, Flip Mc-  
Grath, Sheila  
Hall, Sarah  
Smith, Jodi Ur-  
batti, Nancy  
Hayes, Janet  
Watts, Joanne  
Branson











TRACK BACK ROW: D. EMERSON, S. FARNHAM, F. ANDERSON, P. BALBONI, J. SNOVER, M. FOLBERG, A. SHAW, M. LINCOLN, G. LINSOTT, COACH JOE RYAN KNEELING: D. COYNE, R. MANLEY, K. BULLOCK, C. SIMPSON, M. THIBAUT, K. CARTMILL SITTING: J. DRUMMOND, C. LEONARD, B. SULLIVAN, J. BUCKLEY, L. MURPHY, J. MCNIECE MISSING: C. CATON, M. MORRISON, T. RICCI







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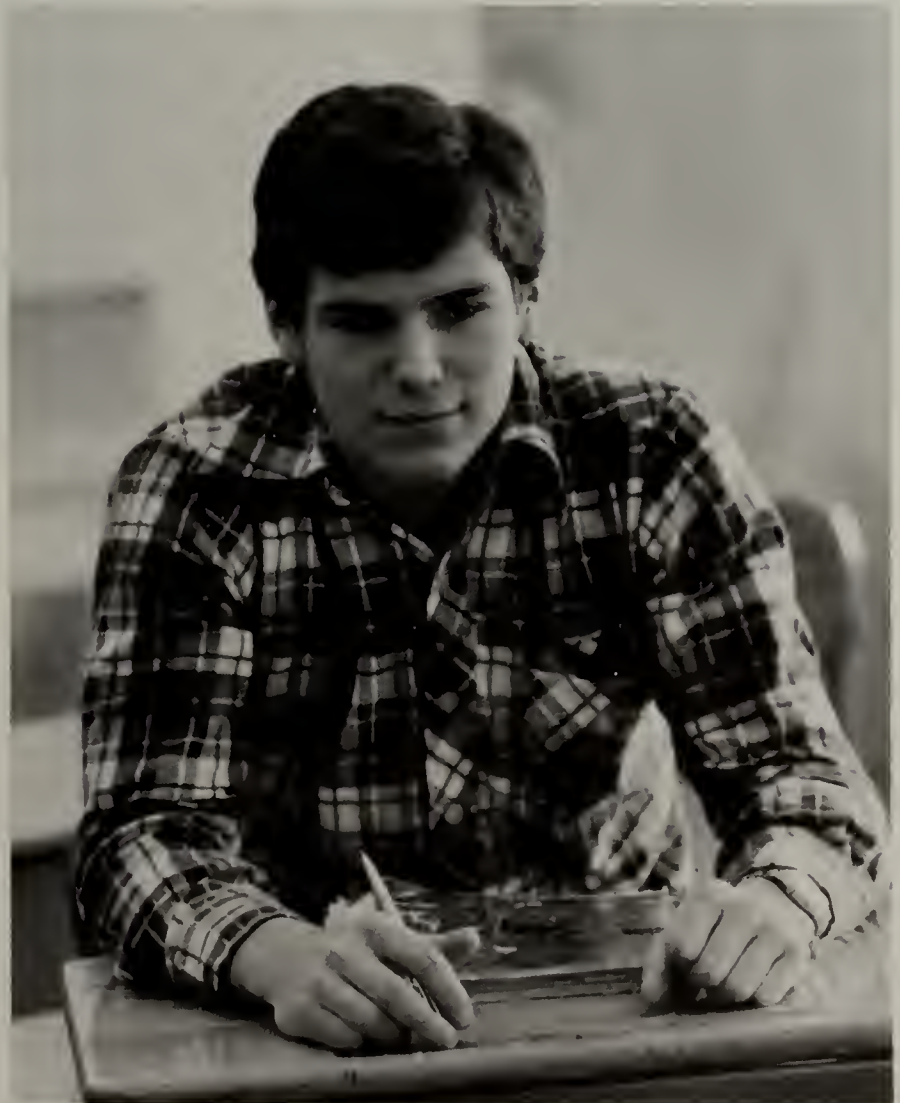






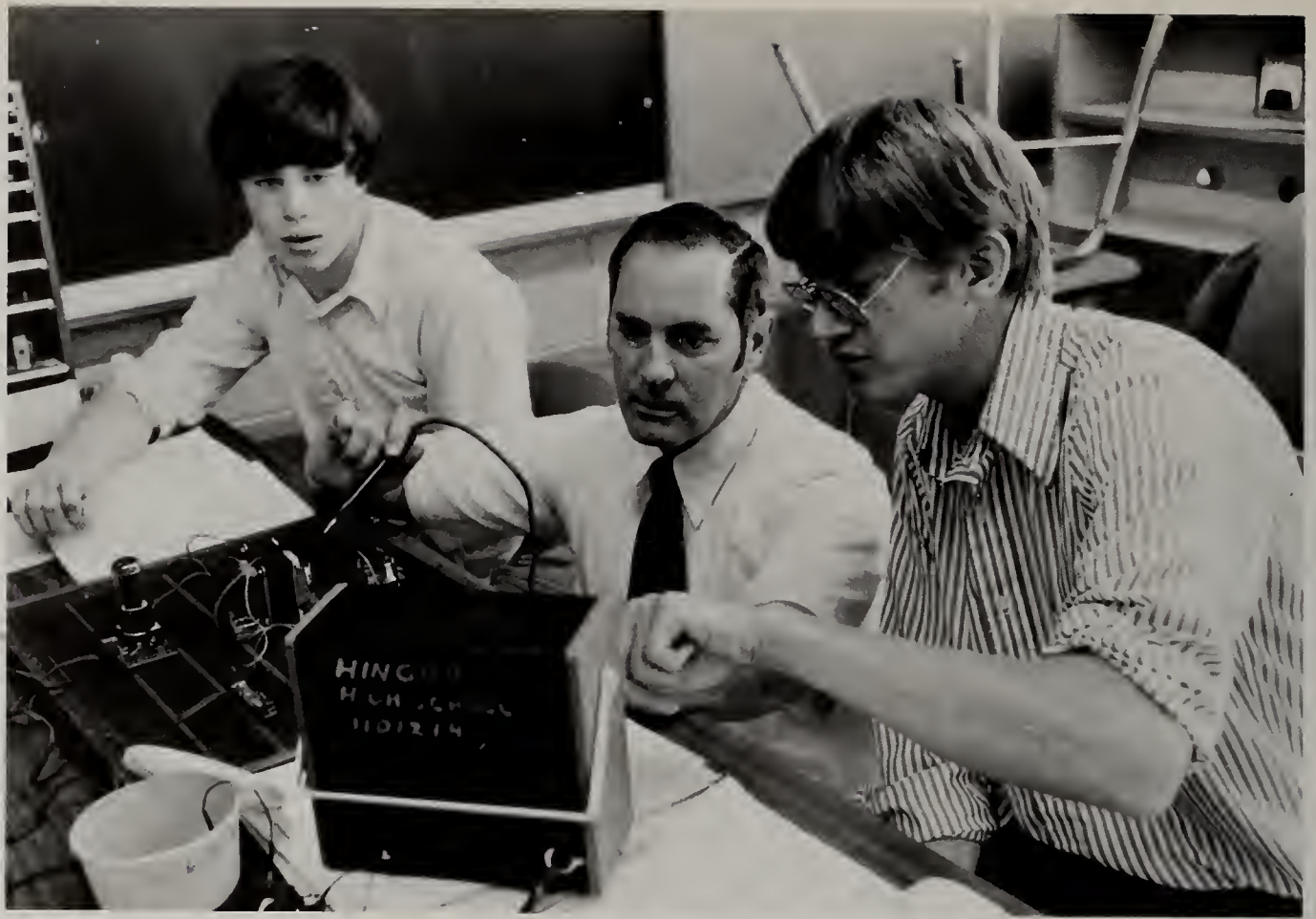


## Home Room





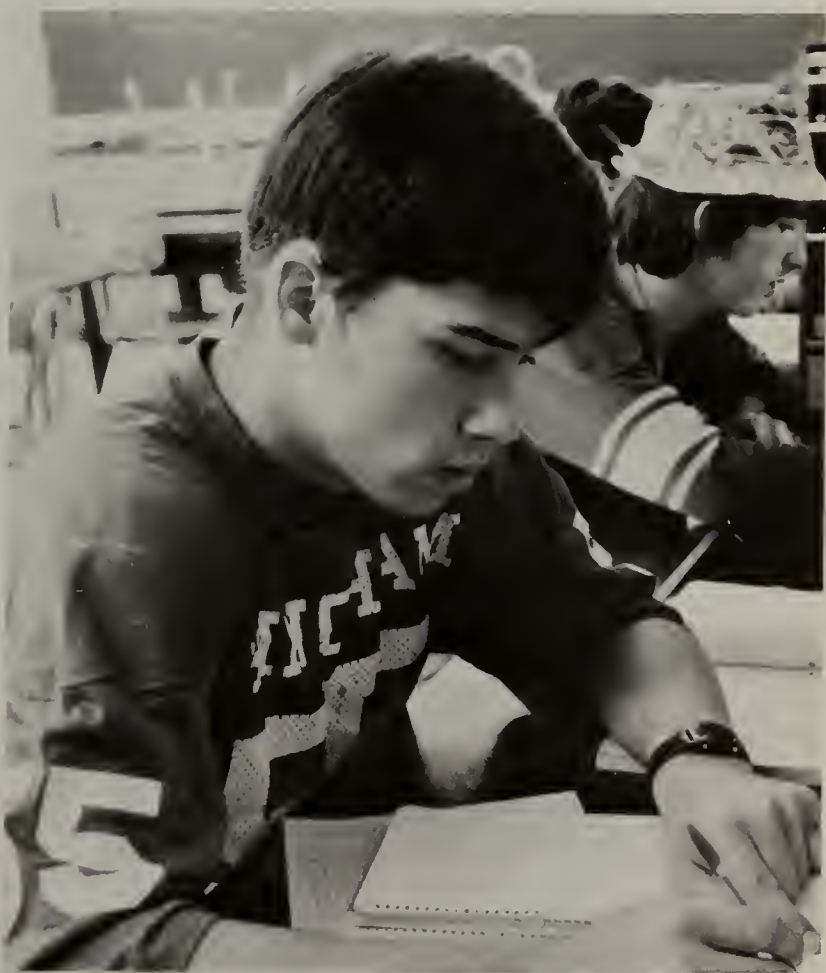
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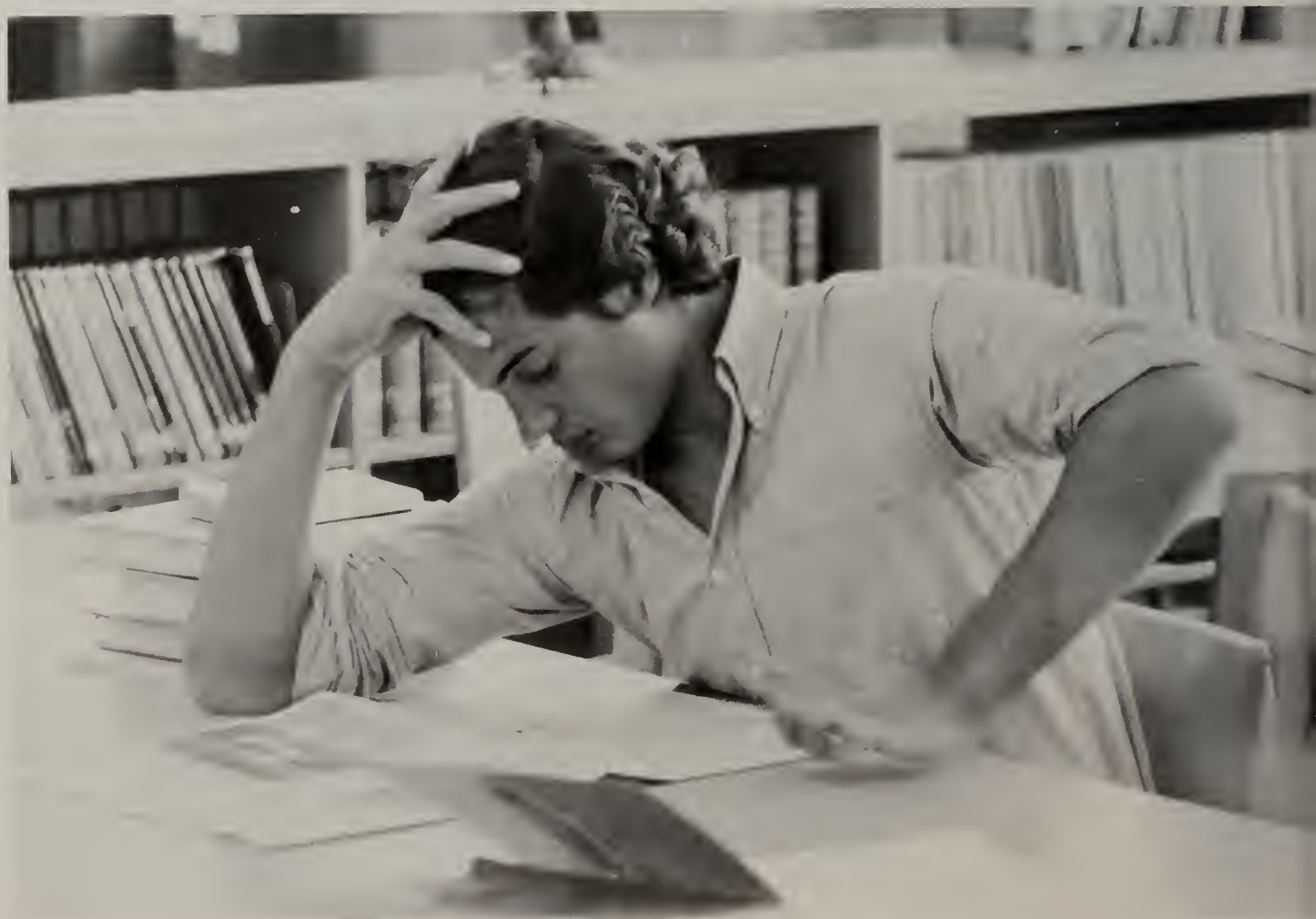








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Period F







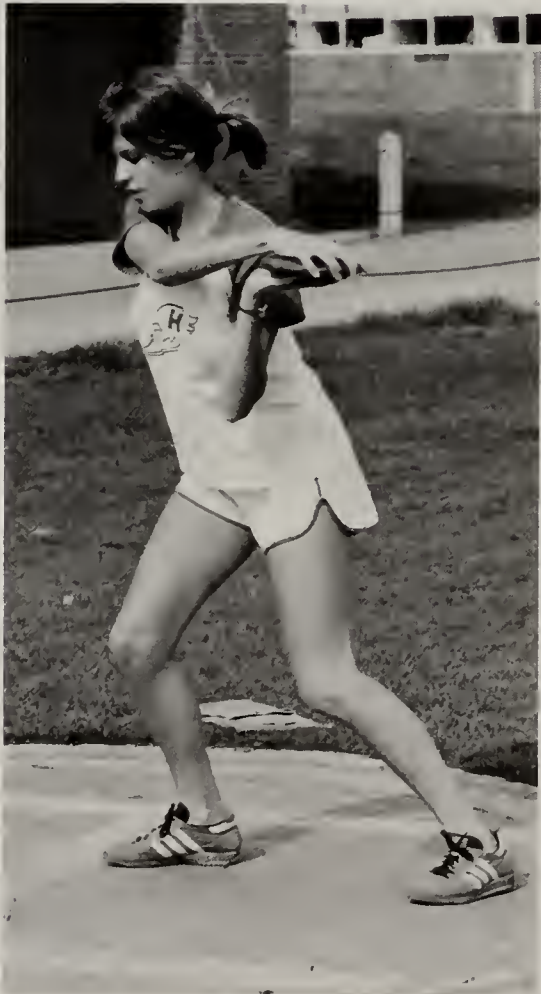
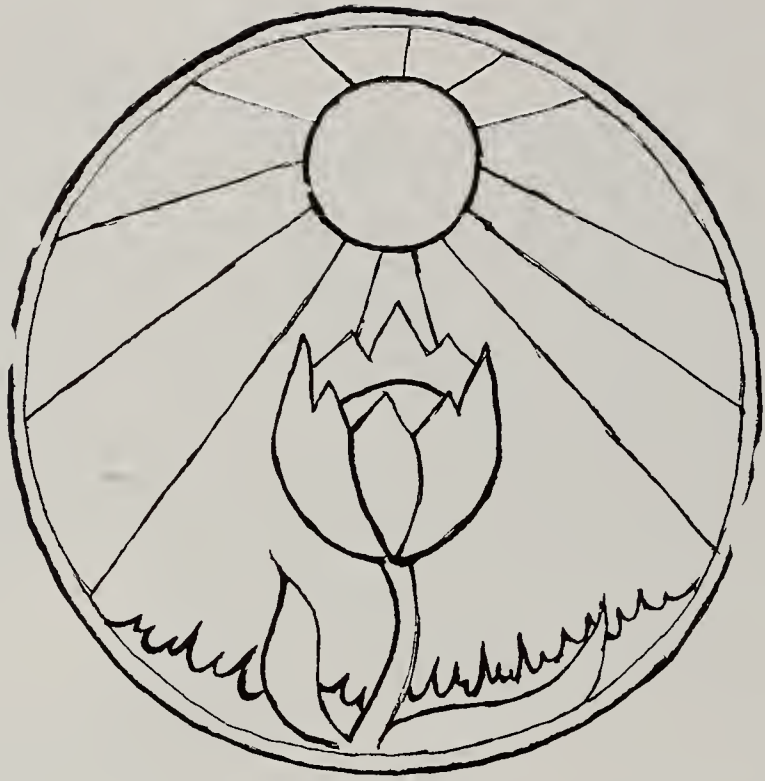
# Period G















# SPRING









# BASEBALL

ROW 2 — B. GENOVESE, K. WALKER, S. WELCH, J. GRANITINO, S. MCCHORD, B. STANLEY, M. FITZMAURICE, M. LINSOTT, J. LONG, S. MURPHY

ROW 1 — J. DELMONICO (MANAGER) R. COX, (CO-CAPT.), D. MCHUGH, A. CRONIN, D. CHILDS, D. CREIGHTON, (CO-CAPT.), B. LENAHAAN, J. KENT, B. WARD, J. MACCUNE, T. CASEY, COACH — JOHN KENNEDY







# SOFTBALL

ROW 2 — G. MORSE, B. THOMPSON, K. MEADER, D. KIMBALL, N. RAYMOND, P. MCKENNA (CO-CAPT.)

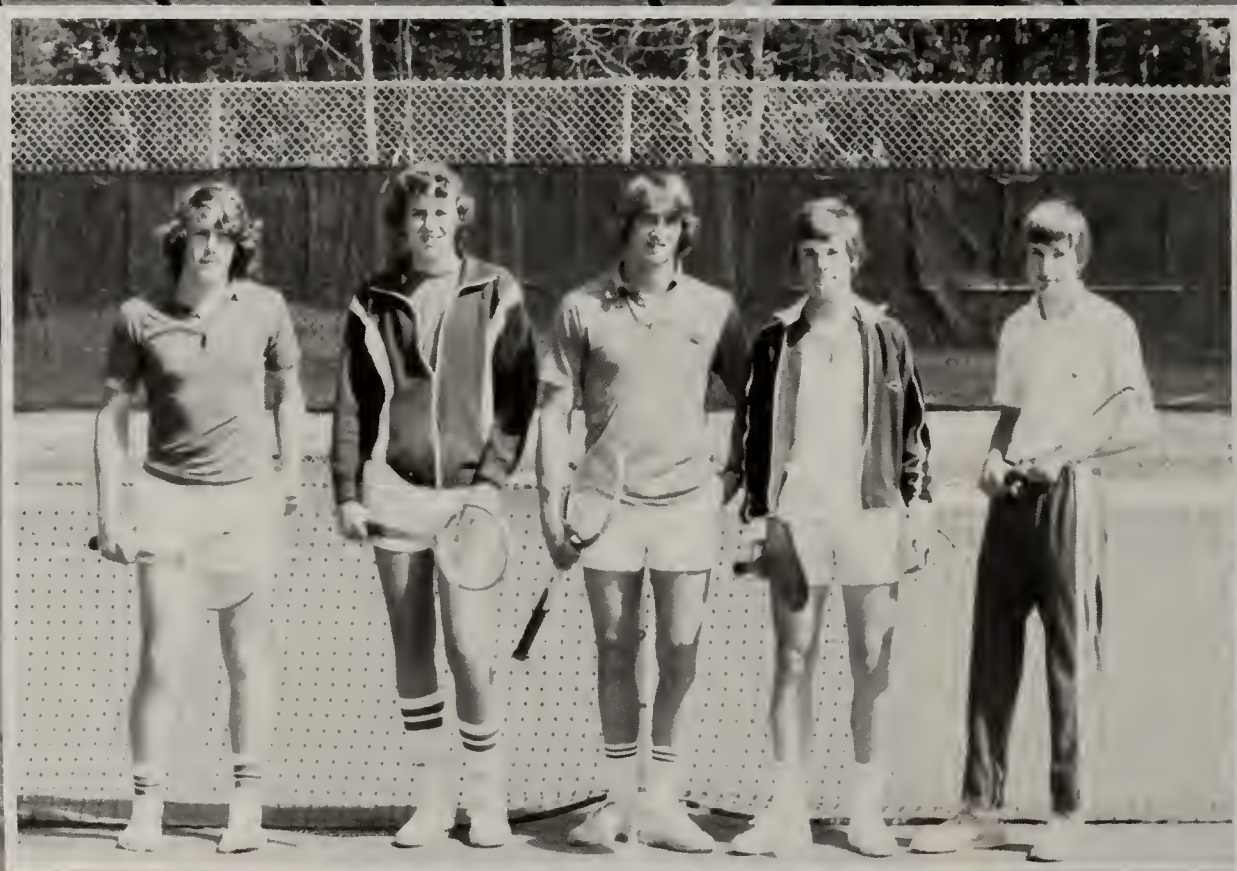
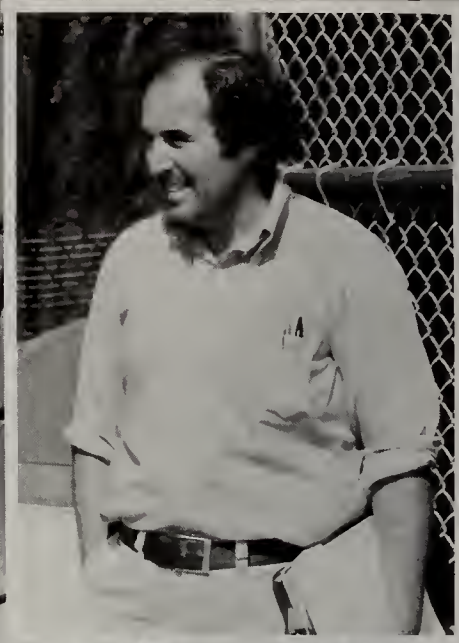
ROW 1 — A. PARE, B. DOONAN, D. POWERS, S. SMART, D. STOCKWELL, L. RUDENAUR, S. MANSFIELD (CO-CAPT.), L. BARTON, MISSING — P. AYERS





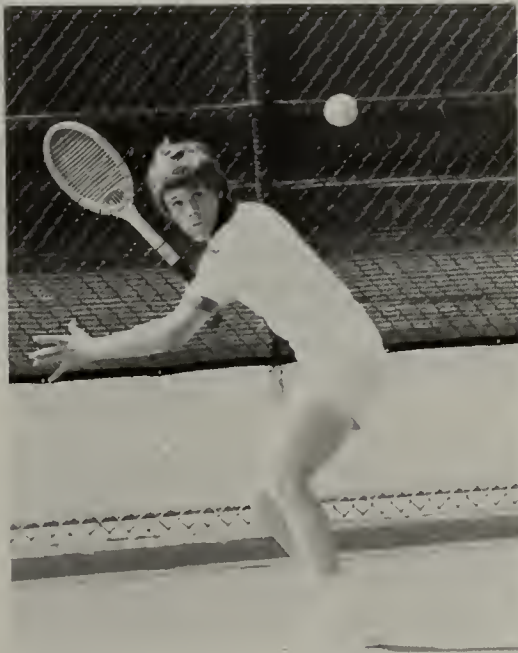






TENNIS  
J. CLABAULT, J. GOOD-  
RICH, D. LEWEICKI (CO-  
CAPT.), J. KNAPP, B.  
JOHNSON, MISSING: J.  
FISHER (CO-CAPT.)









# BOYS LACROSSE

ROW 1 — T. CARRIGAN, T. RICHARDSON, J. WALL, B. NEVINS, M. THIBAUT, T. PATCH E. FITZWILLIAM, N. IDE

ROW 2 — R. YOUNG, T. MCSWEENEY, K. LASORDO, K. MC CHORD, M. STEVENSON, P. INGRAHAM, B. HOOPER, P. APESSOS, M. SULLIVAN, C. KELLY, H. PETER BAILEY (COACH)











**BOYS SPRING TRACK**

ROW 3 — R. MANLY, C. CUNDARI, G. LINSKOTT, D. COYNE, S. DANE, M. LINCOLN

ROW 1 — M. MAFFA, T. RICCI, C. LENOARD, (CO-CAPT.), S. BLACKMUR, B. WAUGH, C. DEAN, B. SULLIVAN, (CO-CAPT.), COACH — JOE RYAN

ROW 2 — J. BUCKLEY, S. BRYANT, M. O'BRIEN, C. SIMPSON, P. BALBONI, P. CROWELY

Missing — M. ELLIOT, K. BULLOCK, C. CATON, B. MCMEEKIN











**GIRLS SPRING TRACK**

ROW 1 — M. DONAVON, P. SULLIVAN, M. LINCOLN (CO-CAPT.), J. WATTS, D. JORDON

ROW 2 — P. ROMANO, J. REIDY, K. PINKUS, N. WOOD, M. HAYES

ROW 3 — COACH — GLENN THOMPSON, M. WISH, J. MCNEESE, B. GUSHUE, N. HAYES, M. LANG, L. MURPHY, N. SWOFFORD (CO-CAPT)



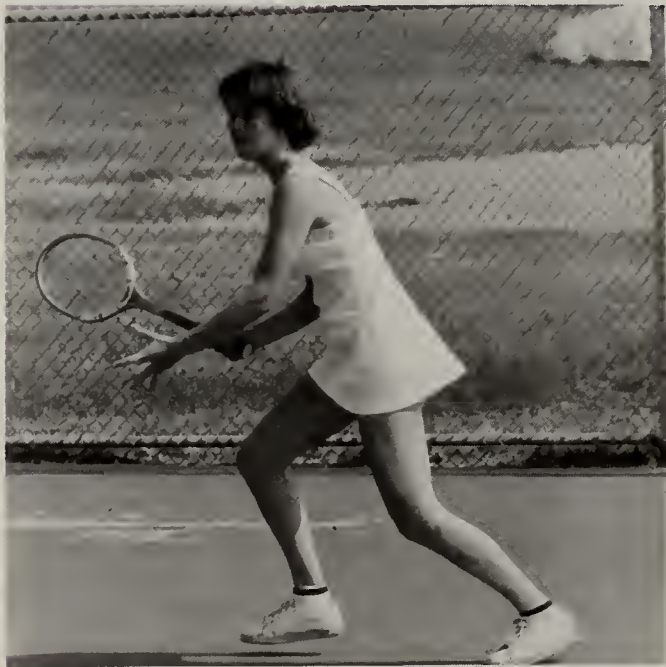




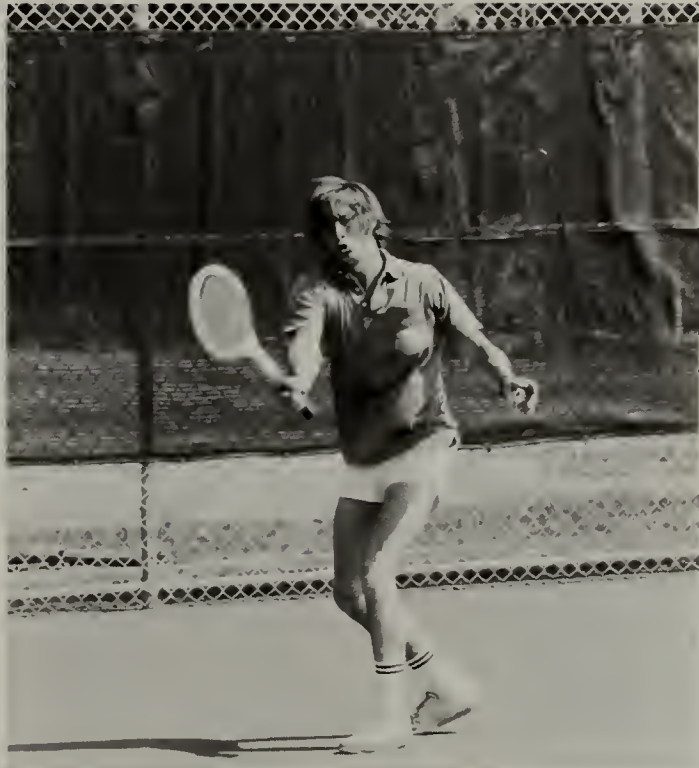




**GIRLS TENNIS**  
**D. KENNEDY, A. MURPHY, J. SULLIVAN, C. LASSEN, COACH-DAVE LACATELL**











# Junior Prom 1977









Once upon a time, in a land not too distant from our own, a young lad frolicked innocently through the woods. As he wandered along the familiar paths, lost in childish daydreams, he inadvertently trod into a dark part of the forest where he had never been. Upon realizing his surroundings, the boy's pace slowed to a stop. He was aghast by the enormous trees, the likes of which he had never seen. The roots looked like enormous gray serpents. As if in a nightmare, he spun, becoming confused, disoriented and terrified. He backed away slowly, afraid to turn his back on the enormous monsters. The boy froze in his tracks as he felt the icy burn of cold iron against his back. Paralyzed with fear, he summoned all his courage and whirled to face an imposing iron gate. Its immense spires shot through the ceiling of clouds above, while an impregnable stone wall ran as far as the eye could see. The scene reminded him of a dream he once had.

And, as if by the power of The Force he moved closer and pushed the gate open. With a deafening crash the gates slammed behind him. Suddenly, a looming voice sounded like a fog horn, "Your're late!" The boy stammered something inaudible while his gaze crept to the peak of a rocky crag where a menacing figure stood clad in a loosely fitting robe. Once again the voice rang out, "Why are you late? Are your papers in order?" The boy tried to speak but was cut short. "Just as I thought." the figure cried, and pointing toward a path which went deeper into the forest, he again demanded, "Go forth and do not stray from the path until you reach a clearing whereupon you will be delt with." The boy slowly made his way to the beginning of the path. He stopped and asked if this were the place the Golden Fleece could be found. The figure did not answer his question, but instead said, "Do not ponder escape. You have brought this upon yourself. Now

go!"

The path was short and when he reached the end, he saw a line of young people about his age waiting at the opening. Not knowing what else to do he explained his confusion to the last boy in line. The boy, being of a friendly nature, explained as much as he knew of the situation. It seemed that they had done something terribly wrong and that a powerful warrior, Sir O'Night, was there to punish them. The boy, who was in front of both boys, explained that as the legend goes, the people convicted of a crime are sent to the Gallows or are eaten alive by the Ferocious Pigeon which is as large as a man. Somewhat baffled, the boy before him spoke at length until they were interrupted by a raspy voice which called them forth. They passed through the fence and found themselves in an arena which was filled with spectators.





# The Search For The Golden Fleece By R. U. Joking

They were blinded momentarily by the rising dust from Sir O'Night's horse. Before they knew what was happening, their hands were bound behind their backs. They were paired in the center of the arena where they faced Sir O'Night, a large man in a black suit of armor sitting on top of a brown stallion. He dangerously wielded a six foot lance to the ground, thus sending him vaulting to the ground with a loud clatter. Immediately, the masses rushed to his aid, whereupon the boys took advantage of the confusion and spirited through the fence into the woods.

The boy ran through the trees until he could no longer hear the noise of the crowd. It was then that he realized that he had lost his friend. Exhausted from the days running and frightened by the days events, the tired boy

crawled into the nearby bushes and fell asleep.

When the morning's light struck the boy's eyes, he awakened and was surprised to discover that he was being watched by four beings. He cowered back, but they reassured him they were the friendly elves of Mother Tums. The tallest spoke, "Do not be afraid. We mean you no harm. I am Loafer and these are Kool, Link and Tinkerbelle." Seeing that he was still bound, Kool cut the rope around his wrist.

They led him to a cozy room filled with fur covered furniture, a small wooden table, and a fireplace with a bubbling pot. Huddled over the pot was a dark haired woman with a round face. She introduced herself warmly, and offered him a seat by the fire. He watched as she brewed a strange mixture in the pot while she

chanted . . . "eye of newt, tail of aboriginean squirrel, nasal hair of hairy nose wombat . . . ." After considerable stirring, she announced that it was ready, explaining that it was a special recipe that would make him regain his strength. The boy grew nauseous at the thought of eating such a concoction, but to be polite, he took a spoonful and swallowed it with great difficulty. To his relief, it didn't taste bad at all. In fact its taste was similar to chicken soup. He spent that night before the warm fire with the elves and Mother Tums, listening to tales of the forest and smoking from a pipe filled with sweet smelling herbs, making him feel strange but peaceful. When his turn came to tell a story, he told them of a dream that he felt was responsible for being where he was . . . .





"One night while fast asleep I dreamed I was sitting on a limb outside my window. Below me there were two women and three men. They called themselves the Council of Tips, and explained that soon my test would determine if I was worthy of manhood. While I listened, they told me that when the time came, I would have to find the Golden Fleece. The Council would not explain what it was, but they said I must have courage and faith to get it."

When he finished his story, his hosts were smiling, but they told him not to worry about his strange dream, for they had known others who had the same dream. Assured, the boy quickly fell asleep. During the following morning, he was taught the ways of the forest, and sent on his way. Before he departed, they told him to follow a nearby river to a stone abbey. There he would find the Deacon, who would help him in

his quest. The elf Kool, gave him a box which contained magic dust that had the ability to create an image on water which would guide him in time of need. The boy followed the river until he came upon a fork in the path. Not knowing which way to go, he remembered Kool's advice, and sprinkled the dust into the rushing water. A hazy image materialized in the wake. Although it was vague, it did tell him which stream to follow. After making his way along the marshy bank, a journey that seemed to take forever, he came upon the small stone abbey. The surrounding yard was dotted with tiny beds of flowers. He entered the abbey, noticing many monks huddled around tables studying thick books. As he looked around him, he was taken aback by the incredible amount of literature crowding the walk. He approached a nearby monk and whispered,

"Can you tell me where I can find the Deacon?"

In the middle of his inquiry, he was startled by a low melodic voice that echoed endlessly off the stone walls, booming, "Silence, you sniveling knave! Who are you to waltz in here and disrupt this learning environment? How do you justify your meager existence?"

The boy began, "I have come from the Land of Botonia, where I met Mother Tums. I am in search of the Golden Fleece and have been told that you might be able to help me."

The Deacon answered, "My son, I cannot tell you how to find the Golden Fleece. You must do that for yourself, although I will help guide you in the right direction. When you have gained the knowledge you must attain, there will be no ceremony, I will just say go!"



The boy spent many long nights educating himself in the many aspects of philosophy, religion, and culture. While studying books on geography, he learned the fastest route over the great Mountains of Irony.

His stay complete, the boy set off towards the mountains. While hiking through the dense underbush of the forest, the boy was taken by surprise by a band of soldiers from the army of Phized. They were clad in red loincloths and blazing white shirts, golden emblems shining. He was surrounded by them with their wielding huge spears menacingly pointed in his direction. Without a word, they brought him to their leader, General Sputnik, who at the time was reprimanding a soldier for not having his uniform in proper order. "To the Gallows!" he bellowed. Turning to face the new arrival he said: "Well son

you've come to join my army of supporters."

"No sir," the lad replied meekly, "I am in search of the Golden Fleece. Can you help me?"

The General ignored the boy's question and continued in his train of thought, stating. "Good then! We'll commence with the initiation which consisted of having his face dunked in a hot stream and all the hair on his legs removed. The extradition is brought about by using a stinky fiber from a rare Scotch tree found only in the mystic valley. Suddenly, the sentry shouted, proclaiming that the Rockyland army had begun attacking them. With the battle raging the boy escaped into the woods during the confusion.

He ran and ran until he found a dark cave in which he could seek refuge. As he tried to catch his breath, he heard scuffling be-

hind him. Turning he saw four glowing eyes piercing through the darkness. In his terror he fainted.

Coming to, he realized that he had been tied to a stylagmite before a large fire, over which his adversary, a huge green creature with two heads and a dragon-like tail. The creature spoke, "We are the Brothers Kirkenov. You have strayed into our home and you shall become our evening meal!"

After a brief pause, they began to argue childishy over what part of him each of them would eat. One of them started, "If you get the arms and ribs, I get the legs and head."

"But I want the feet!"

"But the feet are the best part of the legs!"

"OK, I'll take the legs and you get the arms."

"No, I want the legs!"



They argued on and on. Suddenly, from a nearby corner of the cave, a strange St. Bernard wearing glasses appeared. It approached the boy, unnoticed by the bickering brothers, and gnawed away his ropes until they were severed. Together, they sneaked away quietly. The dog led them to a large man waiting outside. The man explained that he was Zoba the Bleak, and that he had heard of the boy's capture by the dreaded Brohters Kirkjenov. Zoba told the boy of a grand Prince who dwelled in the foothills of the Mountains of Irony. He explained that there they would be welcomed and get rest. He also revealed that he knew of the boys search for the Golden Fleece and would help him in his search. Finally feeling secure, the lad followed St. Bernard and Zoba down a narrow path which led to the castle of the Master of Tyranny.

The castle was massive, with

four cylinder shaped turrets standing tall at each corner. Flags waved grandly at the top of each. Upon passing through the first gate, they were greeted by the sight of lavish gardens and magnificent fountains. All the while Zoba the Bleak spewed out his theories on existence and the philosophy of life.

A servant led the boy to his chamber where he lathered and made ready for the night's feast. Once inside the splendid dining hall, he was amazed at the huge crystal chandeliers and the enormous oak table, which seated at least thirty people. The table at which he seated was crowded with lords and ladies of great wealth and power. After a short wait, a herald announced the arrival of the Master of Tyranny, and all arose. Through an intricately carved archway waddled a short, greying man, dressed gaily in the finest satins and silks. He stood for a moment at the head of

the table. As if given a signal, everyone sat down and began to consume an incredible meal. Afterwards, when everyone's appetite was satisfied, the Prince began a garrulous speech with, "My friends, first of all, I would like to express my extreme gratitude for your presence here tonight. On a recent excretory to the great province of Maharishi Manure, I had the chance to converse with the wise Manure himself, an uncle of my compatriate Zoba the Bleak. We discussed at length the idiosyncratic relationship between the voluminous solemnity of the aspiring sphenoid and the playfooted orifice of an extortianate exureinate. However this contrasted greatly with the prenotion that all pedagogues clouded in the deglutinating of probosidious. Do not let this delude your perspicacity of mulier balbriggans, for if you relegate them . . . ."





The Master of Tyranny rambled on late into the night. When the bells in the tower struck four all had retired with the exception of the Prince and Zoba the Bleak, who bantered on until sunrise.

At mid-morning, after a delicious brunch, the boy finally got a chance to meet the Master. He spoke at great length of the Golden Fleece, none of which the boy could understand. However, the Prince did send four nobles to accompany him up to the peak of the Mountains of Irony. They could not go past the peak because of the roaming band of rowdies, who were greatly feared. Their names were Sir Lanepaint, Sir Brownpot, Sir Nosegraph, and Mistress Simpleninink.

As evening closed in on the weary travelers, they decided to camp along the banks of a small stream. One by one, the nobles drifted into slumber, but hour af-

ter hour passed and the boy failed to become drowsy as there were torrents of questions flooding his mind trying to discover where his journey would lead him. Finally, frustrated by his futile effort to sleep, the lad dressed and walked for awhile beside the whispering water. As he rounded a bend in the stream, he suddenly became aware of noises ahead of him. Before he could react, he found himself confronted by a seething army of huge moles. They immediately converged on him, and without a word, carried him deep into the bush. They proceeded to a dark menacing castle with a thick, black wall, and a stone tower jutting up one side. The boy shuddered at this ominous sight before him and wailed in vain for help. The moles carried him through the gates and down a must stairwell to a sophisticated laboratory; where stood the largest mole he had ever seen. The

figure dressed in a white coat was brooding over a set of steaming test tubes and and boiling potions of brilliant color. The giant turned to him, twitched his whiskers violently for a moment, as if to sneeze, and reprimanded him saying, "Who are you boy? Why have you strayed into my territory? Do you have your papers in order?" The boy shook his head timidly, not understanding. "Just as I thought!" roared the creature, "Assistants, take him to the tower at the fourteenth hour of this very day. We shall see how one so bold as this schmuck will fare against one of the great riddles concocted by the Barron of Cents!" He shrieked out a wicked cackle as the frightened boy was led away.

## INTERMISSION



## ~ INTERMISSION ~



The two o'clock bells were echoed by the slam of the heavy oak-en door, sealing the lad high up in the tower. As his tearing eyes adjusted to the scant light of the dark cell, the boy found that his only companion was an old man with a long beard and tangled hair. He was shackled to the wall, feet barely touching the dirt floor. The man called himself the Christian Son and told the boy of the many long years he had spent in the cell, pondering the Barron of Cents' riddle, and awaiting release.

Just then a loud click resounded off the walls as the cell door was unlocked and opened. The barron entered, accompanied by his sniveling assistant, Rocky from the Land of Magnesium. With a sardonic grin, he began to speak, saying "Take your time in answering this riddle boy. You'll have plenty of it at your disposal." A wicked smile spread over his face as he enjoyed every moment of the boy's predicament. "Now listen carefully. It is in, on,

and above the earth at all times. It drinks the nectar of the earth, and reaps the harvest of the sky. Good Luck! Ha Ha!" With that he and Christian Son are released and directed to a path that would reach the peak of the mountain.

They spent the following day weaving through the rocky crags and thick underbrush. As night fell, they began to hear the faint sounds of singing and music through the trees ahead. Creeping closer, he could see a fiery glow that illuminated three young minstrels making merryment.

Leaving Christian Son to go his way down the mountain, he boldly entered the campsite, feeling he had nothing to fear. He then introduced himself and explained his goal. They told him to forget his troubles and stay with them as they were decending the mountain also and would take him to Gingham Heights, a small village at the base. They introduced themselves as Sir George of Murky, Lord Henly VIII and

Sir Steven of Basin. They spent the night singing gay songs and drinking golden ale.

The next day while traveling, a near tragedy occured. Luckily Lord Henly VIII spotted the ferocious IronSides beetle charging in their direction. They quickly darted into the woods and waited in hiding until the black-maned menace had passed.

As the ground leveled off the tiny band began to spot the steeples and rooftops of Gingham Heights. As the small band entered the town the villagers gave them suspicious looks. The minstrels said that it was always that way and that the boy shouldn't be bothered by it. They approached the center of the town and split up, the minstrels explained they were going to the Viceroy of Victory's house since he payed them well for entertainment. Sir Steven of Basin suggested that the boy go to Micky Dee's Tavern, the usual gathering place for the younger people in the town.



The boy located the tavern and ordered a glass of ale. While looking around he took in all the strange people. There were three different looking characters sitting around a mushroom. The Little Miss was screaming Spinach to The Dull Mister who was throwing Germs to Black Barth who was eating Frenchies. It was a sight seeing the hands and mouths going all over the place and no listening to the other. While this was going on there was another group playing with a monster that kept printing ERROR on its forehead in red letters. The Chief Meter kept shaking his head as Laplenty and Youngson kept pushing the wrong buttons. Neither accepting help from the Bough of Holly. In another area there were a weird collection of people sitting around a big man in a railroad car. They appeared to be listening to the bad jokes of Buzz Bowling-back. It began to get noisy, every-

one was talking, there was no way to discover what was being said. There appeared to be no sense so with nothing to do he ordered another ale and another and another until he became aware of silence. He looked around and discovered all had passed out and all that remained were the empty steins and soggy pipes. A single bar maid was left cleaning the counter and sweeping around the patrons. She looked over and spied the boy sitting alone and looking dejected. Going over to him she inquired what was wrong. He began to tell his trials of obtaining the quest making a great effort to keep back the tears.

As he finished, the girl took him by the hand and told him to forget it all and come with her to the seaside where all the young people went to drink and have romance. He followed Charity to her place.

He woke up the next day and looked into a mirror. His face

looked lean and mature; his baby fat was gone. Chastity had taught him a great deal about getting the Golden Fleece. Wishing to rejoin the minstrels, the young man bade Chastity farewell and crossed the commons to the estate of the Viceroy of Victory. When he arrived he found that the minstrels had gone on their way earlier that morning. However The Viceroy knew of the lads quest and subsequently had set up a meeting for him with a panel of the wisest people in the village. Assembled in the conference room were the Knight Grop-er, Madame Myth, Mayor Valium, The Minister of Grass, Madame Gustofwind, and of course the Viceroy. Although much time passed in the conference, it was soon clear to the young man that these men knew no more about the Golden Fleece than he did. So amidst good-byes, he left the village at noon.







As he passed through the gates of the town, he was approached by an old white haired woman who asked him of his searching for the Golden Fleece. The lad was startled, "How did you know?" he inquired. The Historian said she had seen many go through the gates looking for the Golden Fleece. "Tell me how I can find it." He said to her and she replied, "Think of all that has been said from the time he encountered Master Tyranny and left the Viceroy. Taking the advice he continued his journey. The combination of his weariness and thinking he lost the way and ended up on the banks of the river.

Following the river led him back to the Barron's castle where he was rejoined with Christian Son. Fearing that they would be discovered they decided to hide

until night. Before they could settle the Barron and his assistants were upon them. The Barron smiled but his victory was short lived. At that moment the boy yelled out, "I have the answer." The Barron's jaw dropped as the boy continued, "There is but one thing on this earth that could fit the riddle, the TREE of course!"

Hearing the correct answer, the Barron stormed away in a rage, stopping momentarily to inform the boy that he is to be taken back to the castle and is to scour every inch of the castle wall before he is allowed to leave. Sitting in the castle, totally discouraged, the boy snatched the box of magic dust from his pocket and sprinkled it into a bowl of water on a wooden table. The image appeared loud and clear; yet it spoke in riddles:

"When the bright eye of

midnight  
Casts its glance upon me,  
The reflection will hold  
the key,  
For freedom is yours this  
very night  
When one looks in the  
shadow of thee."

The boy sat anxiously awaiting the moon's rising light. At the stroke of midnight a beam of light projected through the bars and reflected off the bowl of water and shown brightly in the boy's eyes. The Christian Son gasped, as he saw a Golden Vial glistening in a crack in the wall beneath the boys' shadow. Christian Son yelled, "Drink it my son and make your escape while you can!"

After drinking the liquid he began to feel strange, as if



the room was growing. Christian Son stared disbelieving, as the boy shrank to a size no larger than a man's shoe. Bidding farewell to his friend, he made his way to the barred window and climbed down the ivy-covered wall. Upon landing in the moat, he regained his normal size. He found his way through the rocks until he spotted the four nobles who were his guide at the Mountain of Irony. They gave him the colors to make the water create an image. He took the colors and dropped some into the moat.

The image appeared which startled him because it was his own. It spoke saying to trust his own image and dive into the raging water. The current pulled him under, he spun and twisted. As he was gasping for air, he wondered if his image had betrayed him; had he betrayed himself? Just as he was about to give up he surfaced abruptly. Sputtering and choking, he cleared his eyes and looked around. He was in the middle of a small pond surrounded by people of his own age. They seemed to be marching

in single file stopping slightly and continuing on. As he climbed out of the water and caught his breath an imposing figure handed him a small Golden Tassle, congratulating him on a job well done.

Even if he had not actually received a Fleece, only a Tassle, he felt that somewhere along the way he had gotten that too. And with that, he hopped into his fuel-injected, overhead cam '78 Chevy and raced off into the sunset.





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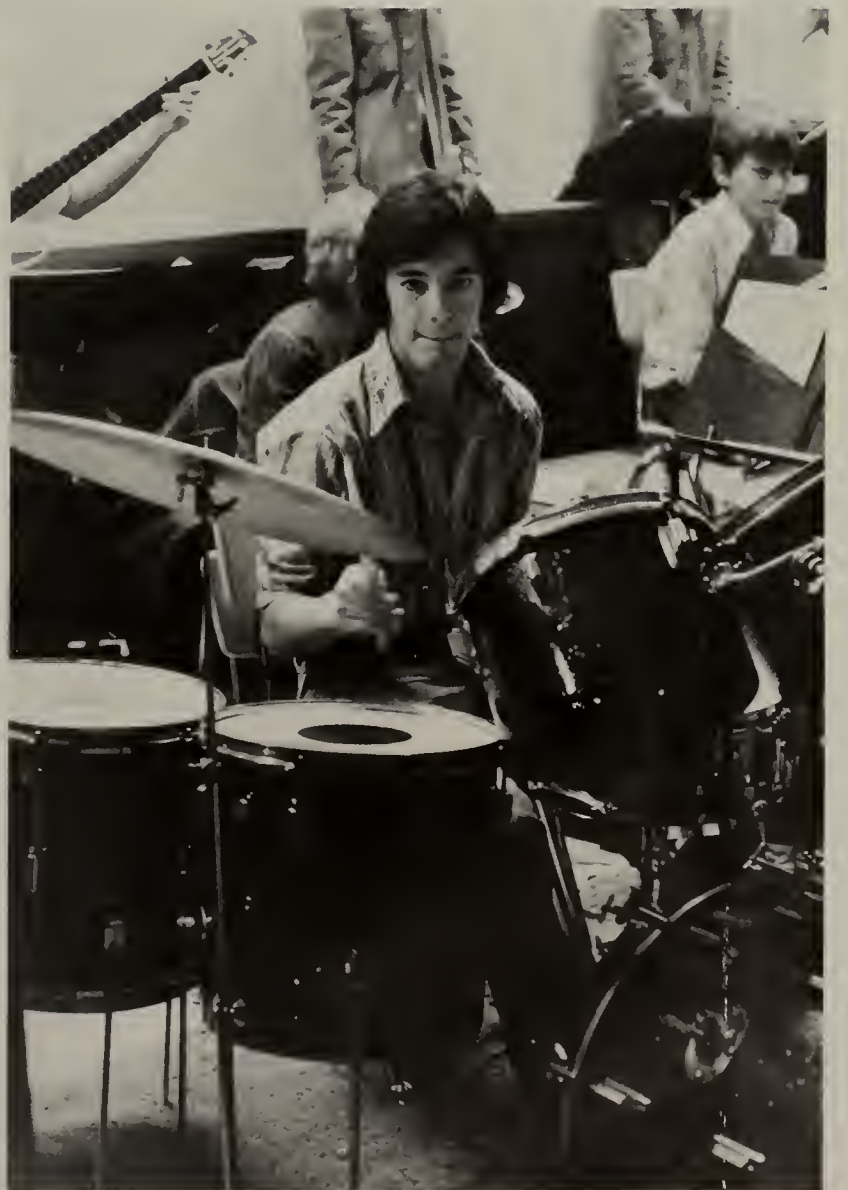
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